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Contents

The Week 55

Editorials

Daugherty Declares War..... 57
The Enforcement of Prohibition..... 59
Harding and Miller 60
Sublurbia 61

General Articles

Education As a Religion.....John Dewey 63
The London Conference.....George Glasgow 65
The Upward Classes.....Robert Littell 68
The Emerging Factory.....H. A. Overstreet 69
Table Talk.....Stearns Morse 72

Circus .....Stark Young 73

Correspondence 74

Books and Things.....P. L. 75

Reviews of Books

A Page of Fiction..... 76
In the Days of President Grant.....Harry Elmer Barnes 77
A Study of John Masefield.....Louise Townsend Nicholl 78
Princess Metternich's Memoirs...A. W. Vernon 78
An Apostle to the Gentiles..Joseph Warren Beach 79
Poet and Pleasant.....Raymond Holden 79
Rebecca West's The Judge.....Robert Littell 80

The Week

THE grand jury proceedings at Herrin give more hope of the assertion of law against murder than, in view of Springfield and East Saint Louis, we had a right to cherish. Particularly encouraging was the charge to the jury delivered by Circuit Judge Hartwell. From a particularly garbled report in the Times we make out that he emphasized the fact that there are two sets of killings to be investigated: first, the shooting of three union miners by the strike guards of the Southern Illinois Coal Company on June 21st, and second the slaughter of nineteen strike breakers on June 22nd. It is highly important that if justice is to overtake the slayers in the second case it should reach those in the first also. Labor is too often treated to the spectacle of its assailants going scot-free, as after Ludlow, Bisbee and Centralia.

THE public finds it hard to reconcile itself to the attitude of the anthracite miners in rejecting the proposal to settle the wage scale next April by arbitration. Arbitration has a fair sound in the public ear; to the ear of labor it suggests nothing but marked cards and loaded dice. Consider the example of arbitration offered by the disinterested representatives of the public on the Railroad Labor Board. The strike of the shop crafts, whatever else it may accomplish, at least revealed Mr. Ben W. Hooper in the very act of marking the cards and stacking them against labor, on the seniority issue. We yield to none in admiration of the patience of President Harding. At the same time we hope that the conclusion of the strike will afford him the opportunity which he must covet, of giving this marplot the boot, if he wears one —if not the slipper or the sneaker.

THE situation of Austria has been described as that of a head cut off. It cannot live without a body. The natural union would be with Germany, but this was forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles, at the instance of France. The next most plausible suggestion is that Austria should join her old associates, the succession states, in the Little Entente. This would be agreeable to France but obnoxious to Italy, whose most immediate rival would be strengthened. The desperate nature of Austria's plight is shown by the last suggestion that she should become an appanage of Italy. This, of course, will be opposed by France and the Little Entente. Thus all plans are brought to nought by the selfishness of one power or another, and Austria dies. The best that can be hoped is her partition among the contending parties. The only plans which look toward the preservation of Austria are those of Mr. Morgenthau who proposes to finance the country from outside through mortgages to be held by a bank erected for that purpose, and of Mr. Shepard, who proposes through the Evening Post that we should release $25,000,000 of the debts of England, France and Italy, to be paid at once into the Austrian treasury. It is interesting that these proposals should emanate from the United States, and appropriate. Austria could never have

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been reduced to her present condition without the advice and consent of the representatives of this country.

THE Assembly of the League of Nations is meeting for the third time at Geneva with fifty-one nations represented. The most important matter under discussion is disarmament, the subject of a report by a commission headed by Lord Esher. Other matters are public health, the drug traffic, the revival of international trade. The amendment or excision of Article X is also to be considered. As the League becomes less political and develops along lines of humanitarian effort the opposition of the United States to joining it should diminish. Its powerlessness to revise the Treaty of Versailles, and its weakness in the face of political situations such as those of Vilna and Silesia were two facts which at the outset tended to discredit it. These failures are receding into the past. The chief political function of the League in the future will probably be in connection with the mandates. The United States has interests in the mandated territories, and, as in the case of China, those interests, more than those of any other power, coincide with policies involving the well-being of the inhabitants. We can challenge the administration of the mandatories on purely selfish grounds, as Mr. Hughes has already done; but we have no basis for a more generous interference except membership in the League.

THE Canadian proposal in regard to Article X is to amend it by striking it out. There may be some consideration, by the Assembly, of Lord Robert Cecil's alternative proposition, the most important point of which is emphasis on regional or continental conventions rather than world-wide agreements. This is probably the most solid basis on which the League can proceed. Central bodies do not enjoy decentralizing themselves, but the idea of the League will gain in power if its machinery is divided. The New Republic considers that regional agreements arrived at separately with a maximum of free choice between the participants and a minimum of dictation or suggestion from the League will do most to further the purpose for which the League of Nations was intended.

THE success of the Turkish offensive in Asia Minor has apparently been complete. The Greek army was caught unprepared, broken in the centre and forced to retreat two hundred miles. If, as reported, the casualties were few, the only explanation is complete loss of morale. It will be remembered that last winter efforts were made to powers concerned in the Near East together in conference to revise the Treaty of Sèvres. The Greeks were anxious for the conference to take place since their failure to capture Angora in their great offensive of the year before had left them holding on by their teeth in Asia Minor. The threat against Constantinople was doubtless an effort to hasten matters. The Angora government, on the contrary, found its military position improving and was in no hurry. The bolt which has been preparing since last spring has now fallen, at the moment when representatives of the powers are on their way to conference at Venice. When the conference meets, Greece will have no claim resting on possession to anything in Asia Minor, and Kemal Pasha will be in a position to demand the cession of Thrace back to Turkey.

THE total breakdown of the Treaty of Sèvres is the direct result of selfish rivalry among the Allies. It is well known that Great Britain used Greece to promote her own interest in that settlement, and that France backed the Angora government for a like purpose. This promotion of war between lesser states by the great powers for their own selfish ends, is a practice equally revolting for its heartlessness and its ineptitude. The present instance should form the subject of a searching inquiry by the League of Nations. A further result of this rivalry has been the sacrifice of the native populations to atrocious treatment by both belligerents. The protection of the Christian minorities in Asia Minor should be the first object of the Venice Conference. Among all sorts of conflicting claims this obligation is sacred. Paradoxical as it is, the most hopeful means toward fulfilling it is peace with Kemal Pasha, and recognition to the full of the right of the Turks to rule in their own house. The powers should lose no time in accomplishing this at whatever sacrifice of interest or pride.

THE acceptance of a compromise by the Reparations Commission, whereby Germany gains a moratorium of six months on cash payments and will issue in lieu thereof treasury notes, is the first triumph which that body has gained for some time. The arrangement was made possible by the initiative of Belgium, to whom the payment was due. The consent of France, however, was necessary and her acquiescence is the most hopeful note yet struck in the European discord. It is clear that business interests in France were not willing to have their government isolate itself, or embark in such a profitless venture as the occupation of the Ruhr or the administration of German mines and forests. Mr. Keynes was right when he told the Germans at Hamburg the other day that France was bluffing.

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M. POINCARÉ'S change of attitude is complete. He is converted not only to a recognition of the futility of independent action against Germany, but also to the utility of a general conference. People who remember with what reluctance he allowed France to be dragged to Genoa and London will be surprised to find the French Cabinet coupling its assent to the moratorium for Germany with the demand for a conference attended by "all the Allies without exception," at which the inter-Allied debts and reparations should both be considered. Consideration in this case means only reduction. Such a conference may prove to be the beginning of a period of reconstruction in Europe made possible by the agreement of the Allies to this end. For the first time a conference is projected of which the recognized business is the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. In this task, for the initiation of which Europe has had to wait for three years, it is altogether fitting that the United States should join. We shared responsibility for the original pact of selfishness and dishonor. Our only excuse for remaining aloof from the confusion which resulted was the insistence of France that it should be fulfilled to the last infamous letter. Now that the conversion of France permits a revision of its terms, and a reformation of the evils which sprang from them, no nation should be readier or more generous in its participation in such transactions than the United States.

FOR the hundreds of readers who carry away from the headlines the conviction that seven recently hired strike-breaking railway shopmen were burned to death in a bunkhouse fire caused by striking shopmen and who consequently fasten the guilt for another atrocity on labor, how many will there be who noticed the report on the day following the tragedy that "the only announcement authorized (after an official investigation) was that the railroad men had admitted the building was a tinder-box"? If it is a crime for workingmen to set fire to a building in which people are asleep, we suppose it is only a misdemeanor for the railroads to allow them to sleep in what, says the New York Herald, "had been used for many months as a storehouse for grease, oil and waste."

THE long suspension of work in the anthracite mines is to be ended on Monday, September 11th. The agreement between the United Mine Workers and the operators fixes wages at the old rate until August 31st, 1923. This date is a compromise. The operators were willing to pay the old wage scale until March 31st, 1923, but insisted that the subsequent rate should be a subject of arbitration. The men maintained that their five months of idleness while the matter was under consideration entitled them to a longer period of security. Arbitration they refused to accept for reasons explained at length in last week's issue of the New Republic. The operators out of consideration for the public purse held that they could not agree to a renewal of the old wage rate for practically another year without authorization from the President. We think that they were over-scrupulous on this point as the labor cost at the mine of a ton of anthracite is so small a part of the price to the consumer that twenty-five cents more or less to the miner is lost in the total. However, the President acting for the public graciously acceded to the request of the operators for his approval, and the mines are open.

THE Bonus Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 47 to 22, with party lines broken. Of the Republicans 27 were for and 15 against; of the Democrats 20 were for and 7 against. To meet the President's assertion that he would veto any bill which did not provide revenue out of which the bonus could be paid, the Senate ear-marked the interest to be received from the debts of the Allied governments. The House will probably agree to this bit of mythology and the President will have to show that he meant what he said. The assurance of a veto probably made it easier for certain Senators to indulge in a little political profiteering. Indeed the whole measure reeks of politics. There was no general demand for the bonus until politicians seeking a plausible cause lined up the American Legion in its support. The officials of that organization were generally opposed to the measure until the agitation among the rank and file forced them to espouse it. The bonus having become a matter of principle to the body of ex-service men and of prestige to the leaders, Congress naturally yielded to the pressure. The President is the only man left to defend the goal. And yet so little genuine enthusiasm is felt for the bonus, so cogent are the reasons against it, that the President may turn out to be the only person to reap political advantage from the occasion.

Daugherty Declares War

THE injunction has been used and abused abundantly in labor disputes before this time. It has operated in most instances to break the morale of labor, to strengthen the hand of the employer. But the color of governmental impartiality has in some fashion been preserved. Men have been enjoined against destroying property, inflicting outrages upon other men, violating the law of the land, and against acts that lead to

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these things. The temporary injunction against the railway shopmen secured by Mr. Daugherty abandons all pretence of governmental impartiality. Its plain object is, not to suppress unlawful acts attendant upon the strike, but to break the strike itself. It is a declaration of war by Mr. Daugherty upon the strikers. And as if to make sure that the spirit of his proceeding be not misconstrued, Mr. Daugherty supports his demand for war by an atrocity campaign quite analogous to those launched by international war makers in defense of their acts.

A body of private employers had fallen out with their employees over the terms of the wages contract. A public body, by the express purpose of Congress denied the power of compulsory arbitration, had intervened and worked out terms which it regarded as fair. Perhaps they were fair and perhaps they were not. Perhaps Congress was mistaken in withholding from the Railroad Labor Board the power to enforce its awards, whether fair or not. All this, however, is beside the point. The workers refused to accept the award, as they had a perfect legal right to do. Both sides laid their cases before the public, as they had a right to do. The object of the employer's propaganda was mainly to induce outside workers to take the places of the strikers. The object of the workers' propaganda was to dissuade outside workers from accepting employment. If the companies could keep transportation near normal, they would win. If transportation should become seriously disorganized, the strikers would win.

It was a lawful struggle, but whoever might win, the public was bound to suffer. And if the suffering became intolerable, it was the plain duty of the administration to try to effect a settlement. Since neither party to the dispute was violating any law in its refusal to yield, the administration had only two proper ways of approach to the problem. It could work for a settlement through conciliation, or it could apply to the legislative branch for a law authorizing it to compel a settlement. Such a law might have authorized the administration to smash the unions or to force the employers to yield under threat of seizure of the roads. Congress might have declared war against unions in the railway industry and have substituted altogether different machinery for handling the railway problem of industrial relations.

But Congress has not done this. The administration has not even asked Congress to do it. Instead, the Attorney General, by enlisting the services of a compliant judge, has rigged up a scheme by which the force of the government is directly brought to bear against the unions. He has constituted himself judge of the merits of the controversy, and exponent of the will of the American people. We need quote only a few of his pronouncements to make sufficiently clear his conception of his function.

"By refusing to comply with the decision of the Railroad Labor Board in the matter of shopmen's wages the unions held the government of the United States in contempt." "When the unions claim the right to dictate to the government . . . then the government will destroy the unions." "I will use the powers of the government to prevent the labor unions of the country from destroying the open shop. Representing the American people in this proceeding, I demand that the operation of the railroads shall not be interrupted in the service the government requires them to perform."

Under the law as it stands today, the unions, let us repeat, were not required to abide by the decision of the Railroad Labor Board. Mr. Daugherty's ex post facto fiat cannot give a binding quality to that decision. The unions were not claiming the right to dictate to the government. The open shop is not involved in the strike. Partial interruption of transportation is a necessary incident of railway strikes. The nation has accepted the situation, as an evil less grave than those that might attend compulsory arbitration.

The prestige and power of the government were not involved in the strike, before Mr. Daugherty engineered his coup. They are now, unless Mr. Daugherty is expressly repudiated. The strike will go on, for a time at least, in spite of an injunction which denies to union laborers even the most elementary rights of American citizenship. At present the effect of the injunction has been to rally to the support of the strikers much labor opinion which had been apathetic. It has by no means aroused the enthusiasm of the employers, who fear now more than ever that the strikers may win. And if they win they will feel that they have defeated the government. If they lose, their defeat will be ascribed generally by labor to the action of the government. That is to place the American industrial conflict on a new plane, and to involve the American system of government in new and grave dangers.

The time may come when the American people may decide to make war upon unionism. They have the right to do so. But an officer of the government who declares war against the unions on his own account is merely a pernicious usurper. The one important service which Mr. Daugherty can perform for the government is to tender his resignation and retire into oblivion. That resignation cannot be requested by the President too promptly.

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The Enforcement of Prohibition

A FRIEND of the New Republic has written in a remonstrating spirit in regard to its attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment, questioning whether it understands what prohibition actually means to the great mass of people of this country. With the moral end sought in what is historically known as the temperance movement the New Republic is in the fullest sympathy. Whether the means now chosen are the best to achieve that end it has grave doubts. One of the most difficult problems of statecraft is to determine the proper boundary between the authority of the state and that which the individual should rightly possess over himself. Milton held, for instance, that the state should have no jurisdiction in the matter of divorce, the causes of which were of so intimate and personal a nature that the public instruments of justice could not intelligently take account of them. It is clear that when the state trespasses upon the field of individual choice and makes a matter of law what should remain a matter of individual control, the moral initiative of the individual is weakened or reversed. The New Republic has pointed out that under prohibition, within certain social and geographical limits, there is a tendency of teetotalers to drink, and of moderate drinkers to drink more. It is quite willing to admit, however, that the fact that a few rich people in New York, Chicago, Florida or California drink themselves to death on their hoarded supplies is not to be taken seriously in comparison with a great and general benefit to the country as a whole, provided the benefit is not subject to other subtractions.

There is one such subtraction of so threatening a nature as to give rise to genuine doubts as to the net advantage of nation-wide prohibition. That is the non-enforcement of the law regarding the manufacture and sale of liquor. Here again if such non-enforcement affected only a few localities, and a few social unsocialists within those localities, it might be passed over as of no moment in comparison with a great and general good. But in such non-enforcement the government is not merely passive: through corruption it becomes an active agent in crime. When a law is not enforced, and when law-breakers and authorities unite to profit by its evasion, to that extent government is overthrown. As the New Republic recently remarked with reference to the closing of a prominent hotel in New York, a necessity which the proprietor attributed to the illegal granting of immunity from the liquor law to his competitors, the government which permits such discrimination promotes anarchy far more effectively than could any amount of propaganda. And the extent to which government has broken down under the strain is appalling, not merely the local authorities but national departments, especially the two which most directly serve the mass of people—the Treasury and Justice. Upon the former rests the immediate responsibility for enforcing the law. Along the Atlantic coast and the Canadian boundary the smuggling of liquor has reached enormous proportions; great amounts of whiskey are constantly withdrawn from bonded warehouses on forged permits or by substitution of water; even the illegal manufacture of whiskey and beer is increasing. And this traffic exists by virtue of a corruption fund against which no department of government, depending on merely human instruments, can stand. The complicity of officials of the Department of Justice in this violation of law is not to be doubted. Failure to arrest, failure to prosecute, failure to punish not only bootleggers but conniving officials is the general rule. Recently a prohibition director in New York was removed from office and indicted, yet the public waits in vain for his trial. But it is of little value to cite specific cases when it is a matter of common knowledge that a violation of the law takes place daily of enormous proportions, and under circumstances which leave the government exposed to the charge of inefficiency or collusion, and earn for it the contempt rightly accorded to impotence or infamy.

It should be noted that in attempting the enforcement of nation-wide prohibition, it is the national government which suffers the penalty of failure. While the violation of the law is a local matter, confined to communities in which public sentiment is strongly against it, the corruption which attends this violation runs through the official structure of the state. So far from prohibition having been settled and taken out of politics by the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, it may be said that the most serious aspect of the question has just been opened, an aspect which involves the functioning of government itself.

There is one course of action which affords a possible remedy for conditions which, as we describe them, are growing worse. Under the Constitution the people have a choice between the machinery of the national and that of the state governments as a means of control. There has been a tendency to commit an increasing share of power to the national government, and with certain of these manifestations the New Republic is heartily in sympathy. The determination of qualifications for the suffrage, and of certain basic conditions of commerce and industry are matters in which nation-wide uniformity is so desirable as to be necessary. It may be argued that the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is one of these matters; but if the majority

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which favors such action cannot enforce its will on the minority, if the instrument of such enforcement and of all enforcement of law is breaking in its hand, then clearly it is better to commit authority in this matter to smaller units which express more immediately the popular sentiment on which the enforcement of law depends. Such units are the states. The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution will remain the expression of national will in the matter; the power of enforcing that national will should remain with the only bodies capable of giving it effect. It will be charged that this is a confession of failure on the part of the national government. It is. We have witnessed similar failures in regard to the Fifteenth Amendment and the Bill of Rights, yet the government stands. We are, in respect to prohibition, passing through a twilight zone similar to that known as the carpet-bag period of reconstruction in the South. Gradually a modus vivendi will be worked out, according to which the federal government will limit its efforts to the realm of possibility. If this adjustment involves confessing its failure to do the impossible, such confession is surely indicative of a healthier condition of the body politic than persistence in hypocrisy hiding malignant corruption.

Harding and Miller

THE President and the Governor of New York are of the same school of political thought. Both are Republicans of the right wing, believers in the absolute validity of the existing political and economic system. Both cherish as an ideal the maximum freedom of enterprise within a highly protective tariff wall. They are equally inhospitable to new forces which do not fit nicely into the established scheme of things. They are both opposed to the extension of governmental activities, to increase in public expenditures, to extreme taxation of wealth. They agree in championing states rights as against federal encroachment. But therewith the comparison ends.

Harding vacillates; Miller in all his public activities creates the impression of being absolutely sure of his purposes. Harding refuses to attempt the rôle of leadership; Miller seizes upon every source of power within his reach. Harding may set his heart on a particular measure, as the shipping subsidy, for example. He advises, entreats, expostulates; but to no avail. For such a measure there ought to be abundant backing in an overwhelmingly Republican legislative branch. Certainly a majority in each house is committed to the subsidy, as a matter of general principle. But no force arises to bring action out of general principles. The subsidy bill is postponed to a future ever more remote. When Governor Miller has set his heart upon any measure, it has gone through, without any modifications unacceptable to him.

As President, Mr. Harding was forced to intervene in the coal strike. As Governor, Mr. Miller also was forced to concern himself with the one aspect of the strike which directly affects the people of New York, the shortage of coal and the danger of profiteering. President Harding's intervention may have had a salutary effect. But viewed superficially—and it is superficial views that make up the popular estimate of a political figure—the President's intervention is a long record of failure. He tried to bring about a conference months before the coal strike, when the officers of the unions who could make a binding agreement had not even been elected. He did nothing to force a conference in the spring, when the unions were prepared to confer. He proposed a scheme of arbitration which the unions rejected. Thereupon he invited the operators to open their mines, under assurances of full protection. Nothing happened. As the strike dragged on toward the point where it would settle itself the President appeared before Congress with the proposal of a coal commission and the request for a grant of powers to insure the proper distribution of coal at fair prices. Congress grudgingly agreed to give him a coal commission, but under restrictions that appear to insure its futility. As for the powers he sought in order to regulate dealing in coal during the emergency, Congress preferred to pare them down, divert them into the domain of pious resolutions.

When Governor Miller, on the other hand, approached the coal issue, it was with a perfectly definite demand upon the legislature.

> Briefly, I recommend the creation of a single-headed fuel administration with adequate power to supervise, regulate, and control the distribution, use, sale and price of all fuel, and the creation of a revolving fund of at least ten million dollars for the use of the administrator to finance any operations that may be required and to buy and sell fuel if necessary. . . . I trust that supervision alone will be required. But it is better not to interfere at all than to attempt interference without adequate power and energy.

Governor Miller knew exactly what he wanted. And he got it promptly. A very large proportion of the members of the New York legislature had misgivings about granting such extensive powers. They granted them nevertheless.

It will be said that this difference in effectiveness is no fair measure of the difference in force between the two personalities. We do not claim that it is. President Harding has a vastly more complicated problem to deal with than that which

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Governor Miller is called upon to solve. Perhaps Harding would be decisive as Governor of New York, and Miller would be vacillating as President of the United States.

But in practical politics appearances count immensely, and just now, according to appearances, President Harding is weak and Governor Miller is strong. And this fact may have an important bearing on the future of the party. If the right wing of the party controls the next convention, the relative merits of Harding and Miller will be very carefully scrutinized.

Harding has, to be sure, a sort of prescriptive right to a second nomination. But it is understood that he is not very happy as President. A first term has given him all the honor he will get out of the Presidency. If he could retire at the end of his four years, gracefully, with everybody friendly to him, what would better suit his temperament?

Of course it is conceivable that Governor Miller may fail to retain sufficient popular strength in the state to become an available candidate for the Presidency. And it is further conceivable that the succession of Progressive victories will present to the right wing the alternative of either renominating Harding or of losing the control of the party to the Progressives. But we see no sign of Miller's weakening, and the Progressives are still far from the key positions that would enable them to control the party.

The Harding administration stands now in public esteem about where the Taft administration stood at the end of two years. There is little sense of hostility to it, but less admiration for its effectiveness. Inevitably sentiment for a change is crystallizing. And in the nature of the case it is crystallizing around Governor Miller.

Sublurbia

EVERY year at about this time the blurb begins to reappear in large numbers, like caterpillars gnawing at the leaf of truth. Its outward stigmata are familiar enough: a boisterous disregard of the laws of probability, a farcical optimism, and a crudely hidden omniscience of the human soul. The blurb wouldn't be so pathetic, or so funny either, if it didn't represent a high degree of genuine belief as well as the mere desire to sell a book. It is written in the fundamental principles of salesmanship that those who have something to sell to the world usually sell it to themselves first of all. And so, if we look behind the paper jacket, we can make out the anxious faces of publishers who are all at once hoping for the best, fearing the worst, and saying over and over to themselves "Yes, this novel really is compelling, vital, thrilling, gripping. It must be, because I said so."

Isn't it absurd to imagine that the people who write the blurbs can possibly believe what they write? Or are those fatuous promises to be explained on the ground that they are composed solely by the kind of mind capable of believing them? The latter seems more likely, for if you make your living by selling books to the public you must have true representatives of the public in your office, and they would be the natural ones to do your blurbs for you. Dumas started the idea by trying out his novels on his valet, who would have been an excellent blurb writer. "M. Dumas," he would have said (here we quote from a contemporary specimen), "has written many successful novels but none so vital as this vibrating story of today."

Until psychology, and things in general, have considerably advanced, publishers can have but an inexact idea of just what book-buying vibrations are set up in a member of the public by the use of the word "vibrating." We suppose that the publisher knows the effect to be good, or he wouldn't use that and similar words so often. We confess to a snobbish feeling—which, dear above-the-average readers, you may possibly share—that we never have been, never are, never could be responsive to the word "vibrating" as applied to a piece of fiction, or to anything in fact but a genuine nickel-plated vibrator. On the contrary, it repels quite as much as its twin "compelling" fails to compel in us anything but weariness.

"Vibrating" and "compelling" are extreme examples. "Vital" is almost as bad. But somewhere there is a point beyond which a rich he-blooded adjective might induce us to buy an unknown novel. Some of us are more sensitive in such matters than others. Let us test this sensibility. Here are a number of novels, each with its jacket like the kind of cheap overcoat which one shower of rain dismembers. We find these jackets variously endorsed: "One of the most successful fictional incarnations of a great man in existence" . . . "one of the most compellingly human stories of our time" . . . "no novel has ever treated the eternal triangle in a similar manner . . . it is dramatic, heart-gripping" . . . "will charm you to the end" . . . "the satisfying touch of artistic authenticity" . . . "thrilling because it is a section of poignant truth" . . . "Six living dramas that enmesh the reader in the whirlpool of the feverish life of a great

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city" . . . "fusing of virile strength and romantic beauty" . . . "extraordinary by reason of its wave of sublime eloquence . . . undeniable—a powerful, sweeping narrative" . . . . "Two men, a writer and a physician, come into the little community of Crossroads. One is weak, the other strong. One is St. Michael, the other makes love like a cave man. And both need Anne. Around this situation is woven a strong, sweet, wholesome love story" . . . . "It is a book to read and read again. You will be a better American for having read it." And so on. And now, as likely as not, you have become, from neutral, quite sure you don't want to read any of the books. Yet in some cases you may be less sure than in others. It would be nice to rise a better American—say 100 percent—after three hundred pages of a novel; it would be very pleasant to read it all over again and be 200 percent. And that phrase about "artistic authenticity"—there might be something behind it. At any rate one would like to know more about its writer. An ex-critic perhaps? But critics pride themselves too much that their jargon is incommunicable. Like short-hand, blurb writers can pick it up.

One would like to know more about many of the blurb writers. The author of the following is surely a not unworthy descendant of the colossus who performed some tall straddling at Rhodes: "An old-fashioned love-story that is nevertheless modern. It is a book for happy persons, because its theme is one of triumphant victory, and it is for failures too, because from temptations and sorrow emerge faith and courage. A safe book to give anybody. Jacket by Boileau."

It is curious that the technique of the blurb should still be confined to selling books. Advertisements are by comparison cold and heartless. They are still moved by a Marxian materialistic concept of man. They haven't learned yet how to compel him, how to make him vibrate, how to lure all that is vital and elemental in him. They might remember that if the poor Indian saw God in stones his heirs in America are probably quite capable of seeing a cave man in tile roofing. For the blurbs teach us that Americans love cave men, would like to see them anywhere, particularly within themselves. If the appeal to a man's virility is successful in selling him a mere book, it ought to work when he is getting ready to buy something really useful. "Probably"—the approach should be tactful—"the author of this tiled roofing has produced no more interesting tile since he began to create." The industrial blurb might come hard at first, but talent could be borrowed from the publishers. "This is a vital, intriguing dentifrice of present-day life." "Vi-ta-meen is biologically authentic. It is for happy people, because they are well, and for sad people too. A safe tonic to give to anybody." "Spoon-o-la has cheered thousands with its mysterious blend of romance and realism, its vibrating thrill. Eat it at bedtime." "Flesh-fit are clothes to wear and rewear. Once in them you can't take them off until you have worn them through."

The value of the blurb need not, however, remain restricted to commercial uses. It has a wide field before it in private life, we are sure. Why in this introspective, self-mistrustful age should not individuals assert themselves as publishers assert their books? There is an even greater heart-interest here, and if we remain cold to the blurb in praise of the buttonless pants we can surely not be indifferent to a self-appraisal from the creature who inhabits them. "Pleased to meet you" may give way to "My name is Spink. [Handshake.] I am one of the most intriguing children my mother ever bore." And Mr. Spank would reply, with equal courtesy, "I am perhaps the most red-blooded and vital citizen of Rokonkoma that has appeared for a generation."

We like to think that in some matters the language of human kind will never change. Yet the blurb—after all a mere matter of human speech—should prepare us for great changes—for a proposal, perhaps, in such terms as these: "Emmy, I am masterly in my romanticism. My humor is infectious. I am breezy, swiftly-moving, compelling. Marry me: I will charm you to the end."

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Education As a Religion

A FRIEND has been accustomed for many years to urge that there exists only one sure measure for the real progress of education. The test, he has said, is the possibility of bringing suit at law to compel payment of damages by educators to educatees for malpractice. There being no such possibility at present there is no science or profession of education in existence. However, we are approximating the time when it will be possible to trace specific physical injuries, spinal curvatures, bad eyesight and the like, to specific school procedures so that before long actions may lie for physical damages incurred in consequence of incompetency. After responsibility is socially recognized and enforced for unscientific treatment of the body, intellectual injuries resulting from bad instruction will be actionable. The man who finds when he grows up that he has had habits of mind-wandering foisted upon him or who has lost scientific curiosity or ability to observe accurately will be able to bring suit against the community which subjected him to such injuries through its educational agencies. Then at the final and culminating stage society itself will have legal remedies against schools and teachers who send out into life citizens lacking the capacity and desire to be good citizens.

These remarks seem to be an effective if whimsical way of conveying the fact that at present our educational procedure is still accidental, and that all our pretensions in education will remain mere pretensions until we can analyze the products of home and school rearing, so as to assign with definiteness responsibility for the various conditions and forces which have brought about the various elements in the human product. Our backwardness is seen in the general nature of the causes which we assign. They are so vague as to be meaningless; words by which we disguise our absence of insight. Thus we talk about heredity and environment in a grandiose way when we try to explain this or that result. When we become more specific, as in biography, we can hardly do more than to point to the effects of some chance contact, some inspiration derived from meeting some person or the arousing force exercised by some event. Or we fall back on native genius and native depravity, innate "smartness" and stupidity and various other practical synonyms for God and the devil—good and bad forces which control us and which we cannot modify.

Now it may be that things will always remain in this condition. Perhaps it is utopian to expect anything different. But at least we may frankly recognize the situation and its implications. We may clear up our minds. And at present they seem to be badly muddled. We are trying too often to combine two contradictory beliefs. We make a religion out of education, we profess unbounded faith in its possibilities, we point with pride to its advance, we term instruction an art and school management a profession. Faith in education signifies nothing less than belief in the possibility of deliberate direction of the formation of human disposition and intelligence. It signifies a belief that it is possible to know definitely just what specific conditions and forces operate to bring about just such and such specific results in character, intellectual attitude and capacity. But on the other hand, we assume in practice that no one is specifically responsible when bad outcomes show themselves. We assume in fact that education, as a matter of forming character and intelligence, is and must remain an accident. We thus find ourselves in an insincere position. There is supposed to be a profession which has an art based upon scientific knowledge. But when results are undesirable we shrug our shoulders and place the responsibility upon some intrinsic defect or some outer chance which has unaccountably entered in and deflected our correct procedure to a bad outcome. This course suggests the story of the physician who admitted that his patient died, but insisted that nevertheless he died scientifically cured.

It seems almost impossible to measure the extent to which these contradictory ideas are combined in the popular mind. Faith in the possibilities of education is enormous. But the notion that we cannot really direct the processes which lead in actual living human beings to good and bad products is equally widespread. The popular conception of "free will" is a case in point. What is it but a name for the sum-total of forces which resist and pervert our efforts at educational direction? It is a rationalization of our own inabilities to deal with the development of human beings; a shifting of our responsibilities to some unknown mysterious power whose force is greater than ours. The prevalence of the disposition to put blame on others and on circumstances when things go badly is but another evidence of our practical acknowledgment that there is no knowledge upon which to base control. It is the operator, incompetent because

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of ignorance, who swears at his machine; the intelligent mechanic locates the source of trouble and deals specifically with it. An honest facing of the duplicity of the situation will at least put an end to our Pickwickian idealization of education in combination with our practical denial of the possibility of education in the concrete.

It is possible to be either a pessimist or an optimist about the attainment of real education. One may hold that the art of directing the formation and development of human desires and beliefs is impossible. The past affords some basis for the statement that such controlled guidance is feasible in just the degree in which its fruits are objectionable; that is, that deliberate direction of human development always ends in hardening human nature and narrowing its scope. The one who holds that the complexity and diversity of human beings is such as to render education in any fundamental sense impossible and the one who holds that human nature is so delicate and flexibly tenuous as to render attempts at education dangerous cannot be decisively controverted. But one can also be hopeful about the future without subjecting himself to conclusive refutation. One can point out that the development of science has only just got to the point where we are beginning to have the materials and methods for creating an intelligent art of guiding the formation of intelligence and affections. It may be argued that the failures of the past are necessary consequences of lack of the kind of knowledge that is now coming into our possession. Only the future can decide whether the school of despair or of hope is in the right. But at least the right to hope remains with us. If we have any ground to be religious about anything, we may take education religiously.

For those who choose to exercise the hope and who also wish to be honest about the accidental state of what is called education, the first step is to recognize the enormous gap which divides our talking and writing about education from our practice of it in the concrete. In the former, education is always something generic. It has a general aim which is stated in terms of dignity. The end is indeed diversely named by different schools of thought. By some it is called character, by others culture, by others a disciplined mind, by others good citizenship or capacity for social service or vocational usefulness. The representatives of these schools, the devotees of these ideals, quarrel actively with one another. A considerable part of educational "discussion" is a record of these quarrels. Adherents of different doctrines quarrel as if there were something really at stake as broad and as deep as are the words they employ. They deceive themselves and the innocent bystander, the public, into supposing that there will be some difference in educational practice corresponding to the fervor and import of the outcry for culture or good citizenship, according as one side or another wins the verbal dispute.

"Deceive" is a strong term. But in educational practice the ends aimed at are not generic and human; they are immediate and technical or specialized, namely the acquiring of some form of skill and item of knowledge. The controlling end is to acquire mastery of fractions or of a Latin declension or ability to bound the state of Tennessee or give an acceptable account of Magna Charta or manage tools so as to make a mortise and tenon joint. The assumption, of course, is that by pursuit of these various specific aims the general end of culture or discipline or good citizenship or whatever is furthered. And here is where the element of deception comes in. Until we have a definite knowledge of just how results in terms of human disposition and quality are achieved, till we can analyze the formation of human disposition into definite factors connected with definite antecedents, our belief in a working connection between this and that study, this and that method, and our desired end is at best a pious aspiration. In consequence, the educator who talks about culture usually means as a matter of fact simply that Latin or Greek should occupy a large place among school studies, while the one who dwells upon the desirability of mental power and discipline usually means in fact that he leans strongly toward grammar and mathematics and formal studies, and the adherent of good citizenship or social service notifies us that he is in favor of the introduction of studies which have recently found their way into the program, civics perhaps or book-keeping or manual training.

I see no ground for criticizing those who regard education religiously. There have been many worse objects of faith and hope than the ideal possibilities of the development of human nature, and more harmful rites and cults than those which constitute a school system. Only if all faith that outruns sight is contemptible can education as an object of religious faith be contemned. This particular form of faith testifies to a generous conception of human nature and to a deep belief in the possibilities of human achievement in spite of all its past failures and errors. Possibly all such faith involves credulity. But this particular credulity is not without its nobility. A faith becomes insincere and credulity injurious only when aspiration and credence are converted into dogmatic assertion; only when the importance of their objects is made

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the ground of asserting that we already have at hand the adequate means of attaining them, thereby attaining salvation. Worship of education as a symbol of unattained possibilities of realization of humanity is one thing; our obstinate devotion to existing forms—to our existing schools and their studies and methods of instruction and administration or to suggested specific programs of improvement—as if they embodied the object of worship—is quite another thing.

The first act evoked by a genuine faith in education is a conviction of sin and act of repentance as to the institutions and methods which we now call educational. This act must apply not to this and that, here and there, but to the idea which runs through all of it. It is no particular set of educators that is called to repentance. For everywhere there is the same absence of insight into the means by which our professed ends are to be realized, in consequence of which those ends remain nominal and sentimental. However much or little other religions may conflict with science, here we have a religion which can realize itself only through science: only, that is, through ways of understanding human nature in its concrete actuality and of discovering how its various factors are modified by interaction with the variety of conditions under which they operate. Without science this religion is bound to become formal, hypocritical and, in the end, a mass of dogmas called pedagogy and a mass of ritualistic exercises called school administration. Education may be a religion without being a superstition, and it may be a superstition when it is not even a religion but only an occupation of alleged hard-headed practical people.

JOHN DEWEY.

The London Conference

FOR the first time in the history of post-war diplomacy an Allied Conference has ended in frank disagreement. This is a departure in the prevailing European system of diplomacy by Conference which may have far-reaching effects. There are those who maintain that diplomacy by Conference can achieve nothing further in Europe against the hopelessly incompatible temperaments of M. Poincaré and Mr. Lloyd George. The recent Conference in London was M. Poincaré's first experience of these Conferences. Ever since he became Prime Minister in January he has made no secret of his desire to abolish the system. He refused to go to Genoa and then tried, only too successfully, to prevent those who did go from achieving their purpose.

In June, however, when he was in London for the Verdun celebrations, he promised to come back to London in July for a Conference which, among other subjects, was to embrace reparations and the Near East and Tangier. The Conference did not take place in July as arranged. Bit by bit the Conference items in the Agenda were struck off. In the end nothing was left but reparations. The prospect, however, of a real Conference to deal with the big problem of reparations and inter-Allied debt was regarded with relief by those who wanted to see the dawn of common sense in Europe and return to business. Even that prospect however proved to be illusory. Amazing as it may seem, the London Conference considered nothing further than the question of granting a moratorium to Germany, and did not even approach the major problem of reparations and inter-Allied debt. Even the moratorium so considered was not a full moratorium. The position was that after the Cannes Conference of this year Germany was given a provisional scheme of reduced payments during the present year as a form of modified moratorium. It was against this reduced provisional payment, not against the major payment, that Germany applied for a moratorium, and it was on so slender a point that the Allied Delegations assembled in London solemnly agreed to disagree. In May, 1921, Germany's total obligation, under the Versailles Treaty, was crystallized by the Allies at the sum of £6,600,000,000, with an annual service of £100,000,000, for interest and sinking fund. Last March, after a series of bungling conferences, the Allies agreed to reduce this impossible sum provisionally, and asked for £36,000,000 instead of £100,000,000, together with the equivalent of £72,500,000 in deliveries in kind. The next payment under this modified scheme was due on August 15th, and it was against this payment that Germany last month applied for a moratorium.

In prospect the hope had been that the Allies would consider three questions which in the British view were phases of one big question. The three were: (1) Germany's reparation indebtedness, (2) inter-Allied debts, (3) Germany's pre-war debts to Allied nationals. When the Delegates assembled in Downing Street there was agreement

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between the French, Belgians and Italians that the question of inter-Allied debts had been ruled out of discussion by the publication of the Balfour Note a week before the Conference began. The problem of pre-war debts was touched on at the end of the Conference, although M. Poincaré had at first refused to discuss it on the ground that it was not an Allied concern at all.

The Conference therefore spent most of its time in dealing with the immediate question of a moratorium for Germany against the provisional monthly payments of £50,000,000 for the rest of the present year. M. Poincaré came over with a scheme hastily patched up on the boat as he crossed, and presented the Conference with it as an ultimatum at the very beginning. Its main lines were as follows: France suffered most during the war and suffered—in the French argument—on behalf of the Allies as a whole. Realizing, however, the impossibility of the present muddle, she was prepared to make the following concessions:

1. Germany's liability to the Allies should be reduced from 132 milliard gold marks to about 50 milliard gold marks.
2. France should have her debt to Great Britain remitted in the course of a general cancellation of European inter-Allied debts whereby also France would remit her own smaller claims on her Allies.
3. For the division of the new indemnity of 50 milliard gold marks the Allies should abandon the Spa percentages (which were 52 percent to France, 22 percent to Britain, 10 percent to Italy, 8 percent to Belgium and the small remainder among the other Allies) and a new scale should be adopted whereby France should receive 89 percent, Belgium 10 percent, Italy 1 percent (in view of the fact that she has no inter-Allied debt to cancel) and Great Britain nothing at all in view, apparently, of her well-known altruism.

Great Britain, however, the argument ran, would stand to gain because, so far as France has understood the British case on reparations, it is the strangling of trade that is Great Britain's chief burden, and so great a lightening of the reparations burden—even at Great Britain's exclusive expense—ought to be all that Great Britain could desire, because trade would revive.

One drawback to the French argument, from the British point of view, was that while it relieved Great Britain of her assets in Europe it left her with her liabilities in America intact, and the calculation would have to be whether the effect on trade prosperity would weigh more in the balance.

Against this policy was that published in the Balfour Note as the policy of Great Britain. The British line simply was that she wanted to wipe off all the complicated tangle of debt—pre-war debts, war indemnity, and inter-Allied war debt—but was not disposed to do so in such a way that everybody profited except Great Britain. In other words, Great Britain was prepared to reduce her claims on Germany on account of pre-war debts and war indemnity, and her claims on her Allies on account of loans made during the war, to the extent of her own liability to the United States. If the latter herself were to cancel the British debt, Britain would cancel all the debts owed to herself.

At the opening of the Conference the French comment on the British policy was "tant mieux." "The policy of the Balfour Note is perfectly logical (said the French). By the same logic we will pay Great Britain and America on condition that Germany pays up to the hilt." So from the French point of view all consideration of inter-Allied debts was ruled out as settled by the Balfour Note.

The Italians contented themselves with the simple comment that the Balfour Note made all discussion of inter-Allied debts impossible, because so far as Italy was concerned it was a question of bankruptcy. It made no difference whether Great Britain was prepared to reduce her debt or not. Italy in any case could not pay. It mattered little to a bankrupt whether you asked him to pay his full liability or half his liability. He could no more do the one than the other.

So the problem of inter-Allied debts is where it was. The British government has been criticised not only in France, Italy and Belgium, but in important British quarters, for issuing the Balfour Note in advance of the Conference. In other quarters the government is supported as having done something which is at any rate straight, and which raises an issue in a brutal form. There were three alternatives open to the British government: (1) to leave things in their muddle and insist on the impossible payment of everything by everybody, (2) to cancel the European debts owed to us, and to pay our own debts to America, (3) to cancel the European debts on condition that America cancelled her claims on ourselves.

Up to the time of the Balfour Note it was understood that the British government was in favor of a cross between 2 and 3, although no decision was taken. The cross consisted of handing over to Germany the liability for European inter-Allied debt as part of her total liability to the Allies, payment to be called for only in proportion as America called on the European Allies for payment. It was the third alternative, however, that was finally adopted.

Inter-Allied debts being ruled out of discussion, the Conference concentrated on the question of a

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moratorium. M. Poincaré, abandoning the considered policy of the French government as a protest against the Balfour Note, patched up a hasty scheme based on a memorandum which had been drawn up a little time ago by one of the most sensible French experts, M. Seydoux. M. Seydoux was more surprised than anybody to hear the travesty of his ideas that had been made by M. Poincaré in the undiplomatic haste with which he had presented his case at the Conference. By the end of the first week M. Poincaré had to eat most of his words. He gave up the pet proposals on which he was supported by the reactionaries, and which included a customs barrier through the Ruhr and on the Rhine. The point was that M. Poincaré agreed to a moratorium for Germany for the rest of this year on condition that new guarantees and sanctions should be imposed on Germany. The British government withstood this firmly.

After five days of conference there was an interesting diplomatic situation. The French Delegation found itself in a minority of one, the British and Italian being joined even by the Belgian in opposition to the proposal for a customs barrier. The Belgian objection was in general based on the same argument as the British, namely that a customs barrier would throw European trade into still further chaos and in particular would divert the German trade through Antwerp to Rotterdam. When, therefore, the French Prime Minister found himself opposed by the Belgian Prime Minister it was obvious that he could not hold his ground. Normally it goes without saying that Belgium supports France. At that moment, therefore, the British government had all the cards in its hands. The line taken by the British government, however, still puzzles many observers who, in the past, have found no difficulty in understanding Mr. Lloyd George. M. Poincaré, in face of the overwhelming position against him, gave up his customs barrier and 95 percent of his program, and placed all his hopes on the one remaining arrow in his quiver, Allied control of the state mines and forests of Germany. At that point the British Delegation, to the surprise of everybody, stiffened in its attitude. Instead of clinching what would have been a diplomatic success the British Delegation held out, and insisted on M. Poincaré giving up his mines and forests. That attitude on the part of the British government at once threw back the Belgians into the arms of the French. The line taken by the Belgians was that the issue of the state mines and forests was an unsubstantial one on which to base fundamentals. The Belgians had thought at the beginning of the Conference that M. Poincaré had come over with the deliberate object of smashing the Entente, because the program he submitted was so obviously mischievous and unpractical. By the end of the Conference the Belgians allowed it to be known that they had changed their opinion and were wondering if it was not the British Delegation that had wanted to smash the Entente, and to revert to the traditional British policy of isolation.

A somewhat parallel effect was to be observed in French quarters. Many French Liberals had been delighted at the turn of events in the first phase of the Conference. M. Poincaré's proposal was so hopeless that there seemed a chance of breaking once for all both the present policy and present government of France. When M. Poincaré had to give up his preposterous scheme he was deserted by the reactionaries on whom he chiefly depended, and who can forgive almost anything except failure. The French Liberals were therefore delighted. When, however, the British government held out on the state mines and forests, the French Liberals found in it a challenge to their elementary sense of patriotism, and they refused to allow their Prime Minister to be not only beaten but humiliated. It was not practical politics, they argued, to expect a French Prime Minister, having given up 95 percent of his program, to give up the remaining 5 percent and return to France empty-handed. When, therefore, the Conference broke up in disagreement with the French and Belgians on one side, and the English and Italians on the other side, M. Poincaré had behind him a more united support from the whole mass of French opinion from Left to Right than he has had since he assumed the Prime Ministership in January.

The reason why the British government decided to make a firm stand on the question of mines and forests was that any sort of Allied control over German industries, whether private or state industries, would be economically disastrous. In any circumstances the control of one nation's industries by the nationals of another is not business-like.

In the present circumstance, given the strained relations existing between France and Germany, the control of German industries by Frenchmen would be about as harmonious an experiment as the control of French industries by the Soviet of Russia. The British point was that it is against human nature to expect any such interference in German affairs to be productive of anything but bad blood. Certainly in the British view it would be unproductive of coal. The British Delegation went further, and maintained that control in no matter how modified a form would be the thin

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end of a disastrous wedge, and would raise again the old bogy of a French exploitation of the Ruhr.

The position, therefore, at the end of the Conference was that Great Britain insisted on a moratorium without control, and the French equally firmly insisted on control. They therefore parted in disagreement. What was not clear from the British point of view was what exactly was the policy of the British government. In spite of M. Poincaré's appeal, before he left London, that the word rupture with its ill-omened sound should not be uttered, there was the serious fact of an open disagreement. Many former supporters of Mr. Lloyd George made the criticism that his conduct at the Conference was negative in its effect, and that in it he did not show his old powers of resilience, grip of essentials, and brilliant opportunism. For either the British government wanted one thing or it wanted another; either it wanted to break with France, or it wanted not to break with France. In the result it did neither the one nor the other, although it could have done either from a position of diplomatic advantage. It chose instead to leave things jaggedly in the air.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

London.

The Upward Classes

WE think of European countries as divided into lower, middle and upper classes, each of which, in spite of a certain movement from one to another, is more or less fixed. There are the same divisions in America too, but here the people who, whether through luck, hard work, talent or mere ambition, are moving from one stage up into the next, form a class by themselves, and it is certainly this class which is most characteristic of us.

Our national hero is the poor boy who sweats and studies after supper and so rises to be the president of a great company. His figure and the philosophy that enthrones him are commonplaces. We like to think of Ben Franklin chewing his loaf of bread and Abe Lincoln the rail-splitter, not only because we admire them but because they are symbols of the great prospects before any poor boy who thinks overtime. But they are not characteristic, for they got to the top. Of such as they, even including the bank vice-presidents, there will always be only a few. The characteristic figure, the one that gives its particular gesture to our America of today, is the man who is *trying* to get to the top, and what is most characteristic of him is the trying.

In the good old days such a man had only the good old indomitable purpose, the good old midnight oil, to serve him. Today he is besieged by all sorts of agencies pleading to let them give him a boost, and the variety of what they offer and the quantity of their advertisements prove that the upward man exists by the million.

To the minds of an uphill people the dollar is of course the proper quarry—that currency the more readily changeable into happiness when in quantities you do not yet possess. Teaching other people how to make more money is one of our largest businesses. If the orientals went in for selling happiness to others they would advertise not self-betterment, but self-sufficiency. Their magazines would be filled with invitations to tear off the coupon and learn How Life Can Be Enjoyed on Rice Every Day or How to Take Delight in Prevailing Winds. But here an eye roving in search of happiness meets with the headline: "We Can Double Your Salary in Three Weeks." Such advertisements are on nearly every page of that magazine which could not exist if we did not have a huge upward class, and which not inappropriately goes by the name of American. They interlard its stories, its interviews with big men, so that the ambitious clerk, by the time he is through reading "How an 'Ordinarily Stupid' Boy Became a Great Merchant," is in the right frame of mind to "Say Goodby to '$22 a week.'" These same advertisements are of course to be found all through other magazines whose rear columns sell automobiles, cereals and shaving creams to the more settled consumers who are not moving upward, but engaged merely in furnishing their niche in a particular class. The number of such advertisements in all our magazines proves that we Americans are probably the largest consumers of advice in the world. But the advisors appeal to will-power rather than to talent. The writers of the advertisements do not tell their victim that he is above the average, that he has brains and must succeed if only he will listen to them; they demand only an intense appreciation of success and an intense longing to attain it—in other words they appeal to the millions who are upward-class-conscious.

But dollar-chasing, if one of the most important traits of this kind of class-consciousness, is not the only one. The desire to be better off, to own

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nicer things, is merged with and shades off into several other desires. Your ambitious American finds a satisfaction in winning "The Secret of Making People Say 'Yes' " that is not wholly the result of a larger salary. If it is chiefly for money that he learns "how to become an interesting talker," "how to write better English," how to meet more people and remember their names, how to analyze character at sight, how to learn a fact a day, how to gain or lose a pound a week, these accomplishments have derivative pleasures. There must be some pure unmercenary joy in having learned to transform small talk into major-general conversation. The ecstasies of becoming better are graded all the way from salvation to the daily dozen.

Your true upward-class man or woman isn't thinking only of how to be a better individual; he is anxious (since, as the flag follows trade, so good manners are considered to follow income) to behave properly among "better people" when he is one of them. But since income also has a way of following manners, he is as often anxious to enter prosperity through the gateway of politeness. That is the reason for the enormous sale of books of etiquette—guide books to the highest class for the foreigners to it, or the newly arrived in it, or those embarking for it. By this time pretty nearly everybody has seen the advertisement telling the sad story of the rising young manager's wife who spoiled his business chances by eating olives with a fork. The influence of business and good breeding on one another is inextricable.

No other class in America is thinking so hard about itself—wondering so acutely what it ought to eat, read, drink, how it ought to work, talk, sleep, with what people it ought to mix. As a whole, no other class feels this hope of adding cubits to its stature by taking thought and correspondence courses. It is our only introspective class. Its members are people who go in for physical culture, who read popular books on mental science, who are responsible for the growing curiosity about the place of man in his world. They are the grandchildren of those pioneers of the days when to progress was simply to move farther west, and the sons of those who, lesser pioneers, became so by the lesser exploit of moving from a small town to a larger one. There is little of the physical left in pioneering these days. The onward wave is no longer horizontal, from state to state, but vertical, from class to class; the frontier recedes, not before the axe and plough, but before self-cultivation. And it is an uglier process, since so much of it is self-seeking and so little self-questioning. Ugly—yes, as ten thousand brazen voices calling to the worship of the "Bitch-Goddess Success" remind us every day; hideously ugly, commonplace, cocksure, gross, ruthless. Yet the ugliness is on the surface; there must be a finer spirit somewhere down among the ranks of these modern pioneers. Surely here and there poor clerks and accountants and stenographers are setting forth in prairie schooners of the mind.

But this class cannot forever march upward. American opportunities are narrowing day by day. There is no longer any certainty that a good man will rise to the top naturally like a cork. There are premonitory shadows of that day when, like an insect now bumping dismally indoors along the ceiling whose flight was once in the open air and restricted only by the frail power of its own wings, the upward class will find that it can't go upward any more.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Emerging Factory*

I

IN the popular thought of the day the modern factory is still the great Necessary Evil. It is necessary, apparently, because we cannot conceive ourselves returning to the ineffective ways of hand production; it is evil because we realize in how large a measure the factory has sacrificed human life to its mechanical demands. Popular thought, however, has a way of becoming stereotyped into formulas which it keeps on pronouncing long after the facts have changed. Something like this, I take it, is true of the factory situation today.

Unquestionably a new type of factory is emerging. The outsider is as yet scarcely aware of it and so goes on sounding the old plaints. The insider, busy with the new developments, has had little opportunity to turn aside from his immediate work and describe exactly what is happening.

What is happening is, to be sure, as yet but little. The factories to which the following description applies are, compared with the thousands of factories in America, but a handful. Their importance, however, lies in the fact that they are large enough to command attention and in the fact, also, that they are managed by men of intelli-

* The following conclusions are based upon a year of intimate study of a fairly large number of the more progressive factories from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The study was carried on both from the angle of a common worker and of an observer. Lack of space precludes detailed description of particular things done in particular factories.

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gent purpose who are consciously moving in a direction that is socially hopeful. For this reason they are due, I believe, during the next decade or so, to set the pace for factory organization in America.

Pessimism, of course, is natural. With our accustomed thought of overworked millhands, blind-alley jobs, bitter wage disputes, exploitation, and the rest, the factory, far from being a place of hope for anyone, would seem rather to be a place where human beings must forever be herded together against their will, to do work which they resent. There is, however, another view that is coming to the fore. The modern factory is the focal point of all the fundamental sciences. It is an elaborate organization of machine processes. And more than this, it is an elaborate organization of man power. To be a successful organization it must apply the accumulated wisdom of our civilization as to the effective use of man power. It must draw upon medical science for the care of the body—compare the studies that many factories are making in industrial diseases; the establishment in them of first-aid rooms and medical examinations; the organization of devices for the prevention of accident; the health education of the workers through lectures, leaflets, bulletin boards, etc.; it must draw upon pedagogical science for the training of skill—compare the large development of training classes for the newly hired "vestibule schools," "flying squadrons"; classes in production methods for foremen, etc.; it must draw upon psychological science for the handling and associating of men—compare the development of trade tests; the studies made of the effect of temperature and lighting upon work; the investigation of fatigue, the study and application of incentives, etc.; it must draw upon economic and sociological science for the working out of recreation, bargaining and wage—compare the large attention paid to rest rooms, suitable eating places, music, dancing, outdoor recreation, house organs, scientific study of wage scales, piece and day rates, profit sharing, scientific management, etc.

No such practical focussing of all the fundamental sciences has ever existed in the world before. In fact it is so new a phenomenon that even today the opportunities it presents are but dimly realized. Nevertheless the opportunities are there, and the emerging factory is significant precisely because, more and more clearly, it begins to see and use them.

The factory, of course, is not a philanthropic institution: it exists primarily for the sake of profitable production. But the encouraging thing about recent progress in factory organization is the growing recognition on the part of factory managers that production needs are best met when the workers are brought into connection with the sciences that animate the entire process.

It is not difficult to note the truth of this with regard to the mechanical sciences. An apprentice who is taught the scientific principles underlying the operation of his machine is in the long run a far more capable worker than one who learns simply by rule of thumb. Again, the adult worker who is given a preliminary training in the methods and principles of his job is a far less wasteful investment than the worker who is simply set loose in the shop and allowed to learn by trial and error. In many of the progressive factories this preliminary training has grown almost to the proportions of a liberal education in the craft, including a working knowledge of mathematics, physics, chemistry and such other sciences as are applied.

There is another consideration. Factory managers are aware that inventive brains are the most valuable asset a factory can have. In the past they have tried in a number of ways to stimulate the minds of their workers to inventive activity by the establishment of suggestion boxes, bonuses for improvements, and so on. As a usual thing the methods have proved only slightly successful, and for obvious reasons. The necessary preliminary to inventive activity is a fairly trained mind. Factory managers increasingly realize this; so that instead of simply waiting for suggestions to come out of the clear, they are, in a number of important factories, adopting the method of enlightening their workers upon the underlying principles and processes of their craft.

All of this means that the factory is more and more—and to its own advantage—becoming a centre of education. The old thought that education stops with the school is consequently in process of being discredited. Education in a more specific and concrete sense really "carries on" into such a factory as we are describing.

A good part of this education proceeds unconsciously. For example, there is more vital ethics in the "safety first" movement than one ordinarily imagines, for "safety first" means not only safety first for oneself but for others. It is a recognition of how one's unconsidered acts of carelessness may be hurtful to his fellow workers. Where safety first is stressed there is accordingly a continual training in mutual consideration.

In a well organized factory a like training is involved in the habits which a good workman develops of utilizing time, materials and equipment. These are the three major variables with which we operate. Time may be poorly organized; materials may be wasted; equipment may be mis-

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used. In the trained worker—disregarding now certain antagonistic attitudes which may affect his work—there develops a subconscious aversion to roundabout ways of doing things, to confusion of operations, spoilage of material, misuse of time.

In other words, there is a deep-lying logic in factory operations which gets beneath the skin of even the most untrained worker. When, in addition, the worker is trained to understand the interrelations that make up the logic of the whole, he in so far becomes consciously part of the "life of reason" which the factory exemplifies in the exact degree to which it is effectively organized. All of which is a most necessary part of the education of a human being.

II

There is doubtless no institution in which points of stress in human relations are more acute than in the factory. The factory is a hierarchy of authorities. Here if anywhere understanding of human beings and skill in the handling of them are essential. Many a foreman has wrecked a department because of his poor treatment of his men. Many a superintendent has had an entire factory up in arms because of arbitrary methods. Many a management has encouraged a sullen sabotage because of its obtuseness to the fundamental desires of its operatives.

Facts like these have compelled the alert factories to advance beyond mere skill in mechanical engineering to skill in human engineering.

In the first place, these progressive factories are beginning to introduce a more scientific mode of selection and placement. The workman is regarded from the point of view of specific capacities, and the art of detecting and measuring these has become an important function of management, so that management, through the use of various tests and rating schemes, is drawing increasingly upon the psychological and social sciences.

In the second place—although here development is far less in evidence—progressive factories are learning the art of recognizing and encouraging the ambition of their workers. They realize that effective work is bound up with interest and that the most effective interest is a wholesome self-interest. Hence management is increasingly concerned with the routine of promotions and with the establishment of healthy incentives.

In the third place, the progressive factories are more and more centering their attention upon the "key men," the men who set the pace for the factory. The foreman stands between the management and the men. What the men know of the spirit and policy of the factory they know, for the most part, through the foreman. If the foreman is a relentless driver, the work of the operatives is purgatory. If he is a leader and teacher, their work is a stimulating pleasure. The old type foreman usually grew up from the ranks a rule-of-thumb man. The new type foreman is being trained not only to an intelligent understanding of factory operations but of how to handle his men.

Finally, the progressive factory is learning the art of conscious cooperation between management and men. To those who have observed the first beginnings—the exceedingly small beginnings—of the Factory Council movement, there is something very inspiring in the spectacle of workers and management sitting down together at the same table and discussing problems common to both. Under these conditions many of the old oppositions are apparently being adjusted. If the Factory Council movement realizes all that it promises—to be sure, there are those who say that it promises far more than it can fulfill—the future factory is apparently to be far more a place of wholesome cooperation, far less a place of irreconcilable oppositions.

III

Underlying all these new developments in factory practice is a new conception of wages that is more or less dimly coming to light. The view that for long has dominated factory operation, to its own hurt, is the view that profits increase as labor is cheapened. The utter folly of that view has been becoming more apparent. Really alert managers now preach the doctrine of the high cost of low wages. The basis of profits, they realize, is efficient production, not cheap production. Hence the beginning of a new movement in industry of profound import for social welfare, a movement only a little checked, not stopped by the great depression—the movement toward a deliberately willed high level of wage.

Increasingly, then, the factory is finding for itself a new philosophy. The encouraging thing is that they who in whole or in part hold this new philosophy do so not out of sentimental considerations nor altogether out of a concern for the social good but out of considerations of managerial success. That the worker is regarded as a human being to be studied is itself a long step in advance. That effort is being made to understand his individual capacities and needs is another long step. That the conviction is gaining ground that to be the most efficient and profitable worker he must be the most highly intelligent, the most high grade worker, is the longest step of all.

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In the working out of this conviction lies the hope for the eventual complete transformation of the factory from an institution of sullen slavery into one of liberated, happily functioning life.

The factory has come to stay. Must it forever be a menace to our civilization? The answer is emphatically "No." The factory, in an unprecedented way, has the resources of science and culture at its command. It needs only understanding and will to put into effect methods of organization that will yet make of the factory one of the most effective sources of education in our civilization.

H. A. OVERSTREET.

Table Talk

GOD works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.

I have proved it.

Bethel, Pennsylvania, is one of those mining towns of about fifteen thousand population which most effectually gives the lie to Main Street. That is, it is neither commonplace nor humdrum nor mediocre but flagrantly, triumphantly, superlatively ugly. Nevertheless, if I were to give it its right name, the travelling fraternity would recognize it, pleasantly, for it's a place they make for when they are in that region and are unable to get in for the week-end, because of the unusually comfortable hotel with the famous table and pretentious name.

One Saturday night, at dinner, found five of us about the table debating what to do with our evening. The little fat, complacent, canned-goods salesman knew two teachers in the town, nice straight girls upon whom he proposed to call; Lambert and I in desperation decided to risk the movies—a rather large risk, in a mining town on Saturday night. The other two were undecided. The cotton salesman had seen that there was to be a boxing bout that evening and would take it in if someone would go along. Collins, the fat man, grew interested and showed signs of being willing to give up his tame school teachers. But the leather-belting salesman—we never knew his name—he of the particularly prosperous appearing dress and bold cast of features, came as near to a shudder as one of his self-assurance can reach.

"I never saw a boxing bout," he said. "Wouldn't cross the street to see one. Disgusting spectacles, I call them."

He looked like a He, an R.B'd. man and we showed our surprise.

"I never saw a good bout," said Lambert, "but I've always wanted to."

"Now I like a good, stiff, fair prize fight," said the cotton salesman.

To make conversation, I risked being a bit extravagant and exotic.

"I've often hankered after seeing—just once—a bull fight."

This was too much for our leather salesman friend and he did actually shudder, slightly.

"I couldn't stand it. I can't bear to see anything get killed, or suffer."

I took a sort of malicious pleasure in prolonging the unpleasant conversation, as one often does.

"Then you couldn't, probably, bear to kill even an animal, for eating?"

"No!"

"And don't like hunting?" asked Collins with that incredulity with which we greet a new idea.

"Good God, no! I'd have a nightmare afterwards, for a week."

"Well, I don't like killing things," said Lambert, airing his masculinity. "But it sometimes has to be done. We killed a beef two years ago on the farm. My brother shot the damn thing twice and it staggered around. I had to drop it with an ax."

The talk was becoming, had become vapid. To prevent a complete void I filled in.

"Speaking of killing," said I, addressing the table, "did you see in the Times the other day about the nigger" [it's quite bad form, of course, at a table of travelling salesman to speak of Negroes] "who was burned at the stake a while ago in Louisiana?"

No one, evidently, had. (The salads at Grand Lodge Hotel are unusually good.)

"Yes, they took him out and burned him. They asked him before if there was anything he wanted and he said he'd like a good feed. So they gave him a good dinner and burned him. He took forty minutes to burn."

The cotton salesman expressed a polite surprise—at the forty minutes, I suppose. It was our squeamish friend, who could neither let blood nor take life, from whom I got the most response.

"I helped lynch a nigger, once, down south."

"*You* did?"

"Yep. Never was prouder of anything in my life."

"But you didn't *burn* him, did you?"

"Sure, of course. Got a piece of the charred rope, now, we tied him to the stake with. That was eight years ago at Atlanta."

The cotton salesman yawned; Collins remarked that he had been in Atlanta once; the waitress began to clear away the dishes for the dessert; Lambert remarked that Bethel was a damn dead town.

STEARNS MORSE.

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Circus

WE were lunching in Hollywood, at Levy's place, a favorite of the movie actors, and newly decorated in the style of a ship, waves, masts, nets, sails and so on, and not unattractive. My host, an actor and writer of scenarios, far along toward the top of his profession and an able man, opened the talk by asking me a question.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of the movies?"

I tried to make an honest answer.

"I don't know what I think of them," I said, "I don't think I understand them."

The look in his eyes showed that he thought me merely trying to be effective, which obliged me to set about making myself clear.

I explained with plentiful modesty and considerable humility over such an injection of theory into a friendly conversation, that we have to begin with the principle that every art has its own terms, can be judged by itself. Before we can judge an art at all we have to know what it consists of and is driving at; we have to know the rules of the game. What this self is in the movies I don't know. I know the terms, not words, not sound, but rhythm, visual motion; as an art the moving picture must work in terms of that. But what could be the ideal in such an art, what it leads to, remains to be seen. It is not photography, it is not theatre. Certainly at present most of the movie is mere photographed theatre, with hints now and then—in moments of Charlie Chaplin's pantomime, for example, or in the more abstract Caligari—of something that seems to work in its own terms, to be complete in itself, to be essentially the moving picture and no other art. For my part I do not know of course just what is the form of this art, provided it is an art yet, or gets to be one. As an art the moving picture baffles me, I don't know what it is driving at, precisely.

So I said, but I began to feel like a professor making a lecture, and left off. My host looked at me quietly; and more quietly, I could see, in his own mind he classed me.

"Oh," he said, thoughtfully. "Well, you see we tried that high-brow stuff and the public won't have it, like The Doll's House for instance—now that went to pot. They wouldn't come."

"But a photograph of an Ibsen play, what has that to do with the art of—" I began, but gave it up. There was no use, no ground to go upon. It had not occurred to this man that the moving picture need be anything but the photograph of a play. I dropped the matter and began to ask amiable questions. I asked about the new divorces, the managerial favorites among the leading ladies, the cost of various films, the salaries, how much did Foolish Wives cost, and how much did they cut of this film, the censors? Ah, that—my companion knew everything. This was the friendly and right ground, and we talked the hour out happily.

My host was called away then to the studios, where they were having a shipwreck, and I sat over my coffee. I looked about at the company, nearly all movie people. Now and then there was an interesting and picturesque face, and now and then an achieved interesting picturesqueness. Now and then there were actors' faces in the old style, the pronounced features, chiselled mouths, clear nostrils. There were cultivated but glum faces of men half or wholly sold out for the reputed fortunes paid by the pictures to their editors, press agents, and dramatists. There were lounging negligée young men, and bobbed haired young ladies, and ladies in the style of Vogue covers and oftener in the more vampish and lush manner of the popular newsstand magazines. There were a few gentle and slightly bewildered faces too; and here and there a wisp of a dream in someone's eyes. But most of them had about them that peculiar adequacy that one sees in the Pullman travellers between New York and Chicago, alert, complete, empty faces, grown-up children, oddly sophisticated in their ways about, and as oddly innocent of contemplation and scope. Looking at these movie people and listening to their talk you get the impression that they have no idea but that of what will go, what, as they put it, the public will stand for. Whatever the ideals may be that they come with, whatever great thoughts of art or theories of art, seem to all appearances to be lost in the scramble at Hollywood. The successes that break through now and then with little innovations teach them nothing. You've got to make it go, you've got to give the public what it wants; that other stuff—whatever it is—has been tried; we know.

And yet I could not blame these men and women very much. For that day and the day before I had seen the studios working. I had seen the actor led into a scene, directed by the director to act for a minute, half a minute, three minutes, told what to do, photographed in that blinding light pushed close up to his eyes, and then directed off the scene. And presently another bit, and so on all day, bits, odds and ends, scraps, patches, the whole studio lounging with players, ready to go on for their moments and to be wound off by the camera in the blast of light, a shipwreck here, a mediaeval castle there, here an apartment with a real clock and curtains, there a desert island with palms, in this corner a great ballroom built at absurd expense, in that corner a lady in prison, made up very sad with her blackened eyes and straggling hair, behind a yard of bars, waiting for the camera man and now doing a jig as she waits, holding on to the bars. How any effects of acting at all can come out of this is a wonder. And it is easy to see how almost any artist would degenerate under such intervals, sitting about waiting, smoking, singing to an old square piano where someone is playing jazz, cut off from any profound mood, half idle, half acting, half individual, half director, and most of the matter to be acted rot and more rot and rot again, with only a touch now or then of the divine human thing that emerges in spite of all from the humanity of the people themselves or from the miracle that is glimpsed in the human life portrayed, however foolish the intention of the whole may be. No wonder they speak not of the art but of the picture industry.

In the midst of which thoughts, and all unfairly, then, my thoughts went back to another world I used to see. Signor Rei's people who came every spring after Easter to Palermo to make the Circus, as Severino, my boatman used to tell me, and who were, God knows, Signore, and also Santa Rosalia, the best circus company in the world, at least they were better than the crowd from Trapani or that Messina compagnia of dogs. I used to see these people in a tavern down near the Marina, and talk with them a little, though most of what I knew I had from Severino himself.

The Signor Rei had been a count, it was said, Severino told me, at least he had been a bandit once and once in prison, from which through his bravery he escaped, with

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the help of God, though he had left all that long ago, and was a good man. His circus had its home in Catania. Berti the harlequin was also a fine fellow, though he carried a knife at his waist under the red scarf and might use it. His amante was the bareback rider, and bellissima. Her father, the animal tamer, used to beat her when she was young but loved her very much now, her name was Pia but they called her Perla Bianca on the bills. There were many others. Botti, I remember especially, who was very fat, the buffo of the clowns, and loved a little girl with red hair. I used to sit in the wine-room and watch them out of playing hours, the lights darkening the shadows on their grave faces, darkening their black hair too, shining on their white teeth when they laughed suddenly, and putting a beautiful pallor like ivory on their smooth skins. They used to sing, and sometimes there was a waltz with everybody clapping. Now and then there was a row, fists on the table, great roaring voices and silenzios, and sometimes blows, but always settled and ended with glasses of wine all round. There had been a stabbing one year, Severino said, jealousy it was, the Colombina was very beautiful; that was bad, but there is a man's honor of course. They were a fierce beautiful people, as Severino said.

I sat there in Hollywood in the midst of that movie world, thinking of those people far away, under that bright sky, among flower gardens, sweet walled orchards, and little ancient farms with white farmhouses, those strong shadows, strong smells, those rocks and songs and violent storms and cataclysms of nature; I thought of their voices, their vivid bodies, their sudden moods, their power, their abundance and vitality and their passionate loves. I could see again the ring of them standing at the edges watching Maestro Rei when he made his address to the audience, the thunder of applause, the rushing forward to kiss him when he came off the scene, to take his hands, to throw arms around his neck and say bravo molto bravo. I remember how they played, the go they had, the heart, the gay pulse, the volume, the wild accuracy of everything they did. How little they knew, these Catania circus people, of the world, of business affairs, of competition and making a go of it. If they knew what their public wanted it was because they knew what they wanted themselves. These people have risen from the sun, the earth, blood, bread, water, wine and an old past. However far in art they may get now as they are, brutal as they may be or childlike or simple or crude or even criminal, they have at least the sources of art within them. They have the elements at least from which all art grows. They have vitality, abundance, power, clarity of mind when they think at all, ferocity, simplicity, and warmth of emotion, tragic directness, courage and impetuosity; which are the sources of all art.

Beyond these people in Sicily, beyond such beginnings in the soil of human attributes, the mind goes on into a profounder beauty and into those nobler patterns in art that emerge from these elemental sources, and are nourished by them, to discover at length a lasting and austere perfection. Beyond these people in the restaurant at Hollywood the mind can go no further. Life here seems to spring from automobiles, divorcing, big business, bathtubs, estates, speed, action and competition. There is something strangely baffling in all that. If art emerges from life, from deep or at the least from elemental living, what art can come from this? If life feeds on art and grows by it to something richer and more replete with its own matter, what life could feed on this? There is something about this smart, youthful completeness and vacuous adequacy that seems to end the matter. STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Again Notwithstanding

SIR: "Is there anybody on this planet, now, at the end of the first half of 1922, who sees the problem of sex in its true relation to all other problems?" asks P. L., covering two books on sex by Havelock Ellis and Miss Maude Royden respectively, in the New Republic for July 5th. He thinks that the will to break through the silence of sex is necessary, but he also believes it possible to think "too much" about sex, even while thinking of it "clearly" and "unselfishly." The writer wishes he had been forearmed as a young man against this very possibility. His position is in two ways challenging.

In the first place, is it possible to think "too much" about anything? Achievement in any field would deny this. Real progress occurs only after months and years of intense preoccupation with one subject. The point is, to think to a purpose. Most people confuse mere feeling with thinking, true introspection with introversion. An emotional conflict acting as a magnet for images of sex is not in any way a thought process. We need to be taught what thinking is, and then it will not be possible for us to think "too much."

In the second place, suppose the statement can be made that sex is out of proportion in the scale of interests? Is this true for everybody? The time when a human being feels that a subject is out of scale in the world is the time when either he knows a good deal about it himself, has a working knowledge so to speak, or he has failed to "handle" the subject, and wishes it dropped out of sight. Distinctions on the basis of the two sex groups, though generally treacherous, are sometimes sound. P. L. writes as a man. He has perhaps had exceptional opportunities.

A teacher of girls, in school and college, with my own education similarly conducted, I hazard the opinion that here, at least, sex is thought about "too little." Really *thought* about. The taboo of twenty years ago has been broken through for the students. But the teachers of young women, it must be remembered, belong to the older generation. At what point in her life does the girl receive the results of any scientific thinking about sex? Possibly at the end of her senior year in college when she is completely "set"—and, at that, the subject is presented incompletely. The chapter on sex is still omitted from one edition of the leading textbook in social psychology "at the request of the women's colleges." The whole trend of education for women is to suppress sex completely. If the people and the books for which a girl has respect never mention sex—novels are not explicit—the girl unconsciously feels that sex cannot be very important, that it is a simple matter easily handled when she marries, that it is something to be ashamed of. She is at the mercy of good or bad fortune in external circumstances. And she may develop an attitude that will make her inaccessible to marriage.

Many a woman wishes that she had been told by the wise people to whom she looked in other matters—and no one is a greater potential hero-worshipper and imitator than a young girl—that she must think about sex, and think to a purpose; that married or single sex is a problem to be handled, that she must give some time to it at some period in her life, working objectively, and that knowledge counts there, as in any other field, for "success," as the books say.

Writers on sex do not fail to call our attention to the frigidity of women. The difficulty is psychological, and in the situation; the kind of education has played an enormous part. That the situation is real, so much more real than anyone believes, is apparent to those who know educational places for girls. In this respect, the girl who goes to work in a cannery at fourteen has the advantage. She has the rough laboratory of life for a partial education.

It is perhaps not inapposite to note that of the two writers covered by P. L., the one opening up "a wider prospect, a more varied world of sex" is Havelock Ellis. Of the woman we read: "Miss Royden is a Christian, and a believer that renunciation, even life-long renunciation, is often necessary and may be rich, human, full of love, creation and power." Nothing could be truer. Nevertheless, it is fatally easy for frigidity to find refuge in high ideals, as happened in the case of Miss Sinclair's heroine, Harriet Frean. This trend will even seek out a good moral situation in which renunciation alone is possible. It is better to be bored by too many books on sex than to treat it as though it did not exist. Man is still very much at the mercy of what he actually sees and hears about. MARGUERITE ARNOLD.

New York.

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Books and Things

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Harvard, I found time to be now and then appalled by the length of the way, not long merely but arduous and dishearteningly steep, which every young man had to follow if he wished to arrive at success. These occasional fits of discouragement had a common origin. Some graduate, the bitter purity of whose idealism had kept itself unspotted by experience, had been enumerating for us, in the Harvard Monthly or the Advocate, the gifts without which no lawyer, no doctor, no engineer, no teacher, no newspaper man could hope—if I remember the reputable phrase correctly—to attain eminence in his chosen calling. Whatever calling the youngish graduate had chosen, he rated the qualifications for it awe-inspiringly high. "Enough!" I would exclaim upon rising from the perusal of one of these exhortations, "Enough! You have convinced me that no man can hope to succeed as" whatever the author of the article was succeeding as. In those days, after perusing anything, I always, in conformity to ritual, rose.

Particularly discouraging to me, seeing that newspaper work was the calling I meant to choose, was an article in the Monthly by a man who had been out of college some ten or twelve years, and who was then functioning somewhere in Detroit. I am almost sure it was Detroit. How eloquently he lamented the ways in which he had wasted his time at Harvard! How insatiably remorse kept gnawing his vitals because, as an undergraduate, he had superbly looked down upon grinds! At Harvard, where all forms of knowledge were stored in cisterns, where some forms were drinkable at living springs near their source, he had elected to learn nothing at all. The rest of his article, which I remember as a demonstration that all knowledge ought to be the newspaper man's peculiar province, I do not otherwise remember except as a eulogy of conciseness. Abandon hope, all ye who intend to hunt a job on a daily paper, unless you have learned how to say much in few words. Give city editors a wide berth unless your place is with the masters of conciseness, with Tacitus, Bacon, Pascal, Voltaire and Pope. Such was the general impression left by this article upon a plastic mind seeking guidance and light.

A year or two later, when through the good offices of a classmate I had landed a job on his father's paper, and had been at work long enough to lay up the raw material for a generalization or so, I contrasted the advice given by that writer in the Harvard Monthly with the things I fancied I had learned as a reporter. In one respect I was a good reporter. Nobody can take notes of lectures for three years at college without learning how to make good long-hand summaries of lectures, sermons, political speeches. And I was a good interviewer of men who wished to be interested. As every other kind of reporter I varied from mediocre to rotten. The worst of my failures was failure to get on easy terms with the men who were sources of news. When I did the hotels, one look at my expectant face was enough to silence the most communicative of out-of-town notables. As a stalker of shy game our kindly and helpful city editor was compelled to put me in the discard.

And never, so long as I was a reporter, did I hear our city editor tell any of us to put much into few words. Outside of the headlines he had no use for conciseness. He was quite right. Why condense into ten words something which nine readers out of ten would like better if expanded into two sticks, or tell in two sticks a story that seven readers out of ten would enjoy more as three quarters of a column? Even today, when the manner of reporting has changed a little, and a little for the better, any passion felt for conciseness by reporter, copy reader or city editor is an ungratified passion. The papers exist to prove this. The space reserved for a good base ball reporter is not wasted, though all the structural facts could have been told us in one-fifth as many words. The sense of leisure, of play with a subject perfectly understood by the narrator, would be gone, and we should miss its agreeableness.

But to return to my revolt against the idealism with which, in my youth, our graduate advisors devastated and discouraged our youthful hearts. Before I had been many years a newspaper man I made up my mind, if ever the chance came my way, to represent newspaper life as something that could be lived pleasantly and without disaster by the average man, with no more than the ordinary outfit of mental and moral gifts. And the chance came. I don't recall my article in detail, but I know I meant it to be encouraging. I meant it to include a sincere description of what we should nowadays call the occupational diseases to which a newspaper man is exposed, and most of which I had caught. The excitingness of the illusion that one is at the centre of things when in a newspaper office—this I had felt, and this I tried to describe.

In due course my article appeared in the Harvard Monthly, and for a week or ten days I looked upon it as a notable addition to the world's stock of essays in realism. I was soon undeceived. My essay failed to please. It was thought lanquid and cynical, which amazed and disconcerted me. How much it was disliked I did not however realize until a few months later, when there appeared in the Monthly, by way of counterblast to my blast, another article on journalism, called, I think, A Career for Patriots, and written, I think, by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard. Although he had very likely not seen my article, the editors of the Monthly had seen it, and had called upon him for something different. Upon reading his advice I realized that even at Harvard young men did not desire a ventre-a-terre account of any one among the many careers from which they might choose. They preferred an article like Mr. Villard's, which I thought exalted and idealistic. How foolish I had been to offer stodgy everyday pains and pleasures to hearts that panted after self-sacrifice and service!

All this happened so long ago that I have no difficulty in remembering it after any fashion that I please. Yet upon one point my recollections are without variableness. Always, against my will, they reveal Mr. Villard as a better psychologist than I was. By representing a labor as heroic, its accompanying self-sacrifice as colossal and uninterrupted, its rewards as unmaterial, the exhorters of youth succeed in inspiring youth with the will to choose among the impossible futures which beckon to it. Seek, and ye shall find, provided you don't seek what you will find. No picture of what he is likely to find will tempt an average youth to look for anything.

And sometimes, when I am stunned and buffeted by the rising tide of idealism, when I grow weary of hearing that no man can manufacture gum-drops worthily unless service is his middle name, I like to look back and remember that this particular tide came as near drowning me years ago as it will ever come. The vocabulary of exhortation has changed, but its anatomy hasn't. P. L.

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A Page of Fiction

Batouala, by René Maran, translated by Mrs. Adele Szold Seltzer. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.75.

BATOUALA is a negro novel by a negro writer, which won the Goncourt prize for the most notable prose work of imagination by a young French author during the year 1921, and is now competently rendered into English. The scene of the book is the French Congo. Here for six years the author used his ears, his eyes, his nose, and transcribed what he heard, saw, smelled. The accuracy of his impression is beyond doubt; its poignancy is to be appreciated only at first hand. M. Maran has rendered the heart of Africa in its physical aspects, the cold mist that hangs over the earth at dawn; the hot steam that goes up at noonday; the blazing sun; the thick, palpable darkness; the solid banks of rain; the wild riot of vegetation shot through by innumerable birds; the stinking villages with their obscene domestic animals, ducks, dogs, goats; the gestures and attitudes of the men and women, recumbent in sleep, yawning, stretching or scratching, excited to swift and graceful movement by love or pursuit or combat. In the background there is always the white man's power, the Frandjes with their inexplicable prohibitions and demands. Mr. Maran disclaims all propaganda. He is an artist of the naturalist school. He has applied the objective method of Maupassant, and collected the evidence of his senses concerning the people whose simple psychology he understands so well. Of the moral question of the relation of the white invaders to the natives, of the degradation of colonial life, of the death agony of the native peoples we hear nothing. For that we must go to Conrad's Heart of Darkness.

Indian Summer, by Emily Grant Hutchings. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

A FIRST novel, in which the rivetting is still rather apparent. It shows more familiarity with books than with people, and naturally is quite serious in intent. A fine display of tolerance reigns throughout it, tempered somewhat by moral preachments. The sentimental theme —the peace which comes after blighting sorrow, like Indian Summer after a frost—is worked through in a consistent, if fairly wholesale, fashion. An entire younger generation, including the lady-next-door, achieves peace through its several tribulations; only the older woman meets the frost that kills. She is a volatile and worldly virago, sketched in with a heavy hand. Through spite at being jilted she has married David Trench, but her thoughts cling to the first lover with a marvelous persistence. A second time her old love plays her false, and in that final fit of wrath she is galled into the grave. As yet, the promise of this writer seems undefined. R. C.

Bennett Malin, by Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.00.

A SINGULARLY flat piece of writing, where a hero admittedly wooden is portrayed in a manner to match. Chance windfalls are wonderfully well timed, but action throughout the story is distinctly sluggish. Defying all our theories of eugenics, Bennett Malin—the beautiful, stupid Malin—is the victim of an hereditary passion for novel writing. Blindly indulging it, he manages to shift all practical burdens to his wife. A like passion for print is revealed in his son Arthur, who actually achieves a newspaper success and stirs his father to a somewhat belated admission of failure. As a matter of fact, Miss Singmaster succeeds in never being quite plausible: and that is due, no doubt, to her being so ardent a devotee of the stock phrase and the stock situation. R. C.

Heartbeat, by Stacy Aumonier. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

MR. AUMONIER has adopted for the individual life Matthew Arnold's theory of literary history, that it is divided into periods of romantic expansion and classical contraction. In Heartbeart he has caught the rhythm of Barbara Powerscourt's life in its diastole, systole and again diastole to the breaking point. One has a sense that Mr. Aumonier has not quite fulfilled the imaginative urge of his conception. Instead of following her father as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Barbara follows her mother on the stage. She was not, it is true, entirely free to choose. The stage has been a favorite background for heroines—Mr. W. E. Norris has used it in A Dancer in Yellow, and Mr. J. C. Snaith in The Principal Girl, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie in Sylvia Scarlet, to mention no others. We have at moments the feeling that Barbara is more acutely feminine, more vividly charming, than any of them. At moments, for within the larger pulsations of the story there is a minor rhythm from page to page which leaves Barbara alternately glowing and dull. We do not feel sure that Mr. Aumonier consciously intended to follow his theory so minutely. We suspect that his pen was rather more dependent on his own heartbeat than on Barbara's.

The Breath of Scandal, by Edwin Balmer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.90.

TEMPTATION and sin as tests of individual character have been the chief elements of the novel since Richardson. The public aspect of sin, or scandal, has appeared as a kind of nemesis, to be taken for granted without explanation. This is the formula of Cytherea. Mr. Balmer has reversed it. In his present novel it is the illicit love of Charles Hale which we are to accept as a matter of course; and the behavior of his family, his friends and enemies, and society at large is presented as phenomena for study. In thus isolating his scandal, Mr. Balmer has given his book a certain meretricious quality corresponding to the meretricious standards of public morality. He has tried to remedy this defect by concentrating attention upon Hale's daughter, Margaret, who sets out alone upon the adventure of learning to understand her father's life; but unhappily Margaret does not ring quite true. She does what Mr. Balmer, not what her own soul, requires. The specifications of this book are nicely calculated with respect to strains and stresses, but they remain specifications. Mr. Balmer's novel suggests a comparison, unfavorable as regards reality and significance, with Mr. Galsworthy's masterly treatment of scandal in The Forsyte Saga, Fraternity, Saint's Progress and elsewhere.

Hoax, Anonymous. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

ANOTHER teasing story. It is a small town father's realistically humorous story of his son's early life and love—but it is neither realistic nor humorous to have the father constantly taking himself seriously as an omniscient novelist. It is surely a wise father who knows his child as well as does this one.

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In the Days of President Grant

A History of the United States Since the Civil War, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. (In Five Volumes.) Vol. II: 1868-72. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

ONE may distinguish some four main stages in the development of the historiography of this country in the last century. The first stage was characterized by the literary and epic historians, such as Bancroft, writing under a strong subjective, theological and nationalistic bias, with the content of their works chiefly political, military and diplomatic episodes. The next was the severely critical and highly objective political history, such as is exemplified by the writings of Henry Adams, James Schouler, J. W. Burgess and J. F. Rhodes, which reached its highest and best expression in the history of the colonial period by H. L. Osgood. The third was the production of the rapidly flowing and descriptive narrative of social history, in which the political, military and diplomatic episodes and anecdotes were not allowed to crowd out the narration of cultural, economic and social conditions and developments. Of this type of work the great example is J. B. McMaster's History of the People of the United States. The fourth stage may be called that of sociological history, though many of those who have contributed works of this type would probably deny any formal knowledge or approval of systematic sociology. In this form of history the writers have not been content to narrate in parallel chapters accounts of political, diplomatic, social and economic events, but have attempted to show the interrelation of the various causative factors operating in human society, and to indicate the manner in which the political, military and diplomatic history has reflected the influence of the deeper and more profound technological, economic and social forces. While this school has as yet produced no monumental and comprehensive work, harbingers in the way of preliminary monographs have appeared from the pens of such writers as C. M. Andrews, F. J. Turner, C. A. Beard, Max Farrand, A. M. Schlesinger, Carl Becker and W. E. Dodd. The great task of the next generation will be a sociological synthesis of American development.

As a former student, an avowed disciple and the continuator of Professor McMaster, Dr. Oberholtzer has brought out a work which falls within the third category of the types of American historical writing. In the reviewer's opinion the two volumes which have thus far appeared mark about the highest level to which this sort of historical work can attain. The work is objective, reliable and well-documented. It is, if anything, more brilliantly and vividly written than McMaster's work, and that is certainly high praise. The chief query which is likely to occur to the reader is how the period is to be adequately treated in a work announced to be of five volumes, when the first two cover but six years. If the treatment is as detailed in the succeeding volumes, the fifth volume will close with the inauguration of Garfield.

The present volume deals with the period from 1868 to 1872, that interesting, if disheartening, epoch which culminated in what Professor Dunning has well denominated "the nadir of national disgrace." Dr. Oberholtzer had earlier established his reputation as a specialist in the history of these years by his voluminous biography of Jay Cooke. The work opens with a vivid chapter describing the "Carpet-bagger" régime in the South and the methods and results of "Radical" reconstruction. Next come chapters on the impeachment of President Johnson and the campaign of 1868. Then the political history of Grant's first administration is recounted. The activities and suppression of the Ku Klux Klan are next described. Turning to diplomatic history, the author narrates the history and settlement of the Alabama claims. He then devotes a chapter to the rapid development of the far West, the extension of the railroads, the Isthmian canal projects and the diplomacy involved in the relations of the United States with the Far East. The work closes with a brilliant chapter on the unprecedented public and private corruption of the newly created plutocracy.

Space will allow comment only upon the manner in which Dr. Oberholtzer has handled some of the more significant and controverted events and episodes which fall within this period. On the whole, he has maintained a fine objectivity and has not been a victim of either sectional or patriotic bias. In treating the methods of reconstruction in the South under Radical domination he is not slow to condemn the vicious and deplorable activities of "Carpet-baggers," "Scalawags" and "Galvanized Yankees," and to indicate the disastrous results of the failure to carry out the wise and moderate policy of Lincoln and Johnson. The lethargy, obtuseness and culpability of the North is not left unnoticed. "The greater the scoundrel (among Carpet-baggers and Scalawags) the more intense was his loyalty and the higher did he seem to stand in the favor of the Northern Radicals." While not by any means attempting to excuse the violence of the Ku Klux Klan (e. g. pp. 352-4), he makes it clear that the real responsibility for the existence and activities of this organization must be laid at the door of the Northern fanatics.

In describing the notorious impeachment trial of President Johnson he is fair to this much maligned person, whom he pronounces "a President whose honesty none can fairly impugn, and whose devotion to the Constitution, as he understood its letter and purpose, no magistrate has ever surpassed." While in his earlier volume he had fully recognized the personal indiscretions of Johnson and his temperamental unfitness for the office, he here contrasts his dignity and that of his counsel with the outrageous conduct of the Radicals, led by the "vituperative demagogue," Thaddeus Stevens, and "that eminent ruffian" Ben Butler, "whose whole person breathed contention and effrontery," and whose tirades during the trial were "perhaps the most distasteful and unfitting ever delivered in a court of justice." In no other history has the preposterous nature of this culmination of sinister Radical political intrigue been more clearly revealed.

Grant's career as President is examined with a candid scrutiny peculiarly disconcerting for the year of his centenary. His utter unfitness for the position, his nepotism and favoritism, his vindictiveness and his naïveté and ignorance are revealed in detail with a just but damaging frankness. After reading these chapters some would even thank God for Mr. Harding.

It is in the last chapter, however, that the author's fearlessness is best exhibited in setting forth the degradation of public and private morality in the realm of politics, business and finance during the reconstruction period. Dr. Oberholtzer draws a graphic picture of

> Durant, living in exotic grandeur in New York, made rich out of the Union Pacific; a half dozen men who, as by a magician's wand, were flourishing on the profits which came from building the Central Pacific, now rearing themselves splendid palaces in Sacramento and San Francisco; "Commodore" Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew,

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who with so much advertisement of their movements robbed each other and other men in "corners" in Wall Sreet; James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould, whose morals in connection with the Erie Railway were as low as any thief's; William M. Tweed and his confederates in the Tammany "Ring" who were stealing the whole city of New York under the very eyes of the population; the infamous nomads who under the name of "Reconstruction" were carrying booty out of the stricken South, and a host who followed such example and whose only God was Mammon, had come, so it appeared, to control the life of the country.

In analyzing the notorious Crédit Mobilier episode Dr. Oberholtzer makes out a pretty satisfactory case for the allegation that Oakes Ames was but the "goat," much less culpable personally than many who voted for his "absolute condemnation." Indeed, he holds that Ames's transactions were constructive and praiseworthy by comparison with Blaine's conduct with respect to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, while he was Speaker of the House.

All in all, this is a book which will not only be helpful to scholars but exceedingly interesting to the intelligent public. From the two volumes which have thus far been published the latter may obtain the most vivid and illuminating account of the stirring years just following the Civil War which has yet appeared, and may be relieved of a number of misleading myths about this period which still linger in our Northern and bourgeois consciousness.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

A Study of John Masefield

John Masefield, A Critical Study, by W. H. Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IS this a critical study of Masefield, or a comparative study of Masefield's critics? Reverently Mr. Hamilton summarizes what contemporary critics have said of Masefield, offering his own opinions with, as it might be, a deprecatory laugh—opinions, even so, which swerve and veer, ever subject to change. And as if his method were not self-evident, he evinces surprise tinged with humble admiration that Masefield in his critical book on Shakespeare was in no way influenced by previous Shakespearean commentators, did not even mention them, held opinions flatly contradictory at times! It is pitiful that this difficult and nearly noble effort to bear testimony to greatness and beauty, and the first book on Masefield to be published, should be so marred by subservience or lack of confidence. An indirect and halting habit of words results.

The other chief trouble with the critic's approach to his subject is that Mr. Hamilton not only knows so remarkably little of Mr. Masefield's personality and life—less, certainly, than many of his friends and readers in this country—but also that he feels the lack keenly and tries to justify it by building up a tottering theory that criticism is juster when unbiased by knowledge of the author.

Partly through this lack of knowledge and the binding selfconsciousness, and partly, I believe, through some inherent incapacity to apprehend that quality which is John Masefield, to follow the brave seeking of that spirit on "the frontier of the mind," Mr. Hamilton has missed the unchanging essential which, in spite of "periods" of realism side by side with mysticism, of startling growth and a terrible and unpredictable energy, runs through all the work and makes it one—from Cargoes to King Cole, from Multitude and Solitude to The Everlasting Mercy, from The Seekers to the Sonnets, from Sea-Fever to Reynard, and Invocation to Philip the King. He has instead divided it into bits; he calls Fragments ("Troy Town is covered up with weeds") "Kiplingese"; and says that The Faithful "is not characteristic." He quotes as being vague and incomprehensible the sonnet beginning,

You are too beautiful for mortal eyes,
You the divine unapprehended soul.

It is Masefield himself who is, so far as Mr. Hamilton in his blurred, blind groping is concerned, "the divine unapprehended soul."

The book is far from being valueless, of course. It has a bibliographical and indicative place for those who need it, a few really satisfying and straightforward pages of clear writing and sound appraisal, a little self-forgetful ecstacy. He gives Gallipoli, at least, its due, although he seems to fail to see that it is not a separate thing, a "war work," but simply the inevitable present-day sequel to Masefield's other tragedies, the glorious chance which came to this poet of the victory of failure to tell how even here and now "the beaten man becomes a story forever."

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

Princess Metternich's Memoirs

The Days That Are No More: Some Reminiscences, by Princess Pauline Metternich. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $5.00.

IT is a great delight for a convinced democrat and simple American to be able to draw back the curtaining years and find himself quite happy, as he watches the actions and listens to the chatter of one of the leading women of the Second Napoleonic Court. If we might only omit the drivelling and atrocious preface, which is fortunately not mentioned in the title page but which takes up over a fifth of the book, we could conscientiously describe this volume as one of unmixed and pure delight. Mr. Legge, who writes the preface, appears to be a kind of court dandy and has probably some social pretensions which commend him to the English public, but his whispering, eyebrow-raising style with its patronizing irrelevancies seems sheerly impertinent to American eyes. Yet even the scandal-loving preface may heighten the reader's delight, if he does not permit it to debar him from Princess Pauline's own writing, for he would be convinced that the vivacious, unconventional, shocking Princess of the preface charmed the courts of three countries not because she accompanied Empress Eugenie in male attire on a trip on the top of a Parisian coach or because she could dance with abandon, but because she was of a merry and reverent heart, attractive to brilliant minds, full of quick and unrestrained admirations and free from preoccupation with herself. She was not pretty and I suppose therefore did not spend much time before the mirror; she was not pious and spent even less time in examining her features by the standards of morality and convention. Hence she has given us a series of sketches of interesting people, as unpremeditated and fascinating as one can find. She keeps leading you excitedly to the next room. Only occasionally does she hint at her own charms; she is ever bubbling over with her delight in someone else's; yet while you go expectantly, you are conscious of her dancing eyes and her rippling laughter. She takes you to meet all sorts of prominent people—the adjective unfortunately limits her powers both of ciceronage and of insight—but you go right willingly. She does not bewilder you with too many introductions. There is a

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French criminal lawyer, a German judge, a mysterious American spiritualist, but the only people she really insists on your meeting are Wagner and Liszt, who are waiting for you together, her strange wild father, whose life is full of prancing horses and broken bones, and her beloved, gentle old "grandpapa" whom our world curses as Prince Metternich. There is, indeed, a single chapter, entitled Our First Diplomatic Post, in which she and her husband (who was also her step-uncle) take the centre of the stage, but even here the pages are crowded with the personages of the Dresden Court—kings and courtiers, and against this garish background the white figure of Jenny Lind.

The Princess has probably read her husband's thick volumes on the public services of Prince Metternich, for her portrait of her grandfather seems to be intended as a pendant, but she has apparently not read the Britannica, for her tale of her introduction of Wagner and his music to the rioting prejudices of Paris is told too naïvely and engagingly to have been projected from any such pompous background. For all her profound admiration for Wagner, however, she does not worship at his feet. Her sketch of Liszt is evidently done with more affection. But the best of her skill is reserved for the family portraits. Her father, "the Sandor," is unforgettable: he throws Anthony Hope's Prisoner of Zenda into the shade. Noting her genuine fear of his feats of horsemanship one day, he commands the groom to mount her, child as she was, behind him and four times "we cleared the great barrier." But of more startling parental deeds she must tell you herself.

The portrait with the most strokes is the one of her famous "Grandpapa." I dare any radical to gaze at it without a feeling of guilty relaxation. Uncomplainingly he lays down his offices, notes his deafness increase, parts from his beloved ones; eagerly he consumes the literature of his day but finds himself unable, even under the spur of loyal desire, to master a novel; with the gladness of a child he celebrates Christmas day and divides his silver with his grandchild; with curiosity he receives Louis Blanc, pioneer of the abhorrent Socialism, and with outspoken recognition of his ability he dismisses him. In this daring piece of portraiture at least, the painter makes you see the beauty of the days that are no more. A. W. VERNON.

An Apostle to the Gentiles

Friday Nights, by Edward Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. EDWARD GARNETT is neither a bull in a china shop nor the angel with a flaming sword. He does not rush about smashing idols, nor does he bar the gate of Paradise against the entrance of aspiring mortals. There is no danger of his being confused with the more entertaining type of American critic nor with the more respectable type of English critic. He is neither a frantic futurist nor an anxious academic. He devotes a great deal of attention to contemporary American authors. As a publisher's reader and an eager reader on his own account, he has made many discoveries in American letters. He has been distressed at the scant appreciation of such fine talents as Miss Jewett and Stephen Crane and Robert Frost; and this he is inclined to attribute to a Philistinism which he finds somewhat more rampant in "commercialized" America than in his native England. He says nothing about us which has not been said much more emphatically in the last few years by Mr. Mencken and Mr. Waldo Frank and a dozen others of our own critics. He simply tells us that we are somewhat over-fond of the billboard style; that we go in for canned ideals; and that we coin our morality and our sunshine. He finds that our critics have a taste for the conventional and that our readers have, to put it bluntly, a taste for mediocrity. He gives point to what he says by a thoughful consideration—writing in 1915—of two of the books of the year: The Harbor and The Titan. He finds much to praise in both of these books; but Mr. Poole's he judges to be, as art, simply "on the highest level of mediocrity," while Mr. Dreiser seems to him unduly under the influence of Balzac and the quantitative ideal—"if only the author had studied Horace instead!" Still more enlightening is the praise he has for two more recent novels, Mr. Hergesheimer's Java Head and Mr. Anderson's Poor White. The one he admires for its virtuosity, the other for breaking "through the banal crust of conforming appearances," which is in behalf "a feat for an American to accomplish."

Mr. Garnett does not confine himself to this function of apostle to the gentiles. British and continental literature he approaches with the same independence of Philistine prejudices and anxieties. This is an essential condition for the exercise of discrimination. Our own critics are likely to be hag-ridden with anxiety,—anxiety lest they put their money on the wrong horse, or lest the public be corrupted with false doctrine. Mr. Garnett is at one with the old-world critics in that he does not take his police duties so hard. JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Poet and Pleasant

Tramping With a Poet in the Rockies, by Stephen Graham, with thirty-eight emblems by Vernon Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.00.

MANY times and in many books has Stephen Graham told us about things we haven't seen, and we have been pretty generally charmed by his recounting of them. Now we have an opportunity to judge him for the quality of his experience among things which are ours. First, our Rocky Mountains. Second, our poet, Vachel Lindsay. Mr. Graham is a very sensitive, very gentlemanly Englishman with a predilection for wandering. He and Lindsay joined forces for a trip in and about Northern Montana. Their spoor appeared in the New York Evening Post. This book is their abandoned camp fire. Judging from the ashes I think that the flame never rose very high. Mr. Graham, if The Way of Martha and The Way of Mary, and Through Russian Central Asia, were truly written by him, is only putting about one-third of himself into this book. The other two-thirds, which the figure of Lindsay ought not to be troubled to fill, is rather nebulous. It shows the author of The Congo, the historian of Johnny Appleseed, going into raptures over a high-school yell, confusing what such a thing offers with his reasons for believing that "America simply *needs* the flamboyant to save her soul." Taken all in all this book is a sad book. It shows two men, one of real talent, one of a genuinely cultivated mind, with their skins off, so to speak. It is not fair to believe from the pale pulpy flesh which is exposed that Lindsay is dying. Rather let us believe that Mr. Graham did not genuinely enjoy his trip and that he was enough of an artist to be unable to make his record of it a living thing in the face of constant objections raised by his imagination.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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Rebecca West's The Judge

The Judge, by Rebecca West. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

REBECCA WEST ought not to need any introduction to this country. She belongs with Virginia Woolf, Katharine Mansfield, Rose Macaulay, Dorothy Richardson, May Sinclair (the order is that of my private preference), with that company of women writers who are, by their originality and craftsmanship, showing the way to the men. Miss West is about the most readable critic of fiction alive, as no one needs to be told who follows her Notes on Novels in the London New Statesman. She is the author of a novel, the Return of the Soldier, and of a book about Henry James, both of them distinguished by a white-hot pungency and beauty of phrase which made it easy to forgive their curious patches of unreality, their sudden streaks of blindness.

Beauty is the strongest impression one is left after reading The Judge—the beauty of the right words clinking goldenly, harmoniously in the right places, of swift singing sentences that give one a feeling (to borrow part of one of them) as of looking out through "panes exquisite with the frost's engravings, and beyond them a blue sky which made it seem that this earth was a flaw at the heart of a jewel." The book is full of brief etchings as clear as this one: "The station was fine, with its immense windless vaults through which the engine smoke rose slowly through discolored light and tarnished darknesses." It is full of sudden, unframed landscapes, the fruit of a passionate attentiveness to the earth under all weathers, for its greys as for its warmer colors, for the half tones of its rocks chill and defeated in the rain no less than for its sun and rainbows. She has the painter's deeply disinterested eye for natural beauty, and her pictures stand out in singular purity among the products of a race which, knowing so well how to describe its visible world, has so often not kept from those descriptions a meteorological or botanical smack. And these pictures are not isolated, though many of them come so quickly as to catch your breath: the whole is fine too, and reminds one of a strip of precious metal, never quite cooled.

What is so continuously beautiful can hardly be at the same time continuously real. Essentially The Judge is a romantic novel, born of a mind which, while it is capable of seeing both ways, likes rather less to see things as the mottled mixture they are than as the fine things they can be imagined into being. The characters that count in The Judge are beautiful, within as well as without. Even Richard's illegitimate father—Marion's lover—was a handsome man. Their names too ring handsomely: Marion Yaverland, Ellen Melville, Richard Yaverland. They are, in spots, extremely real people, but as a whole, from first page to last, they are just beautiful enough to make one doubt that such people as they could really come to life. Yet they at the same time are just real enough to make one wish that were possible.

But beauty—though, whatever she wrote, she could not help but achieve it as a by-product—is not primarily what Rebecca West is after in The Judge. Above all she wants to show us an intensely poignant psychological drama. Ellen Melville is a Scotch lass of seventeen, warm, lovely, brave, a suffragette, a radical, with a straightforward, eager spirit, hungry but not starved, which can feed on Edinburgh rocks and Edinburgh weather. She "likes the feel of rain on her face." She is only a typist, and lives with her mother "a mean life of hopeless thrift," until Richard Yaverland falls in love with her and rescues her from it. He is an engineer, a chemist—just what his work is like does not interest Miss West and she keeps it entirely in the background—with the romantic clouds of glory of travels in Spain and South America trailing about him. Handsome, of course, and very much of a male. Mysterious however, and on the whole not clearly realized, either because he was too completely a creation of her imagination or because always surrounded by some emotional intensity. He tells Ellen that he is an illegitimate son. As a radical, of course she makes no account of this. The trouble comes when she meets his mother—Marion Yaverland. Marion would like to be tender to Ellen, but she can only seem cold, indifferent, hostile. Is she jealous? Not exactly; her feeling is vastly more complicated. She does not want to lose him, but "Marry her soon, Richard," she cries. She confesses to herself "that while she desired to hurt the woman whom he [Richard] had loved, she would gladly have murdered any woman who had refused to love him." And a long struggle begins between the two women which is the outward sign of a deeper struggle within themselves. For Marion, its roots go far back to those terrible days when she lived alone with her two boys, one of whom she loathed and tried to love, the son of a man she married and loathed, the other—Richard—the son of the man she loved but did not marry, the son to whom she clings as only people can to what is truly a part of themselves. In Marion's rehearsal of this past to herself as she lies awake Miss West is at her very best. For a sustained revelation of the mesh that is the human soul these stern but moving chapters will not easily be surpassed.

It is the fatal, necessary outcome of Marion's past that she should still cling to her son, and yet pass sentence on him. "Every mother," she says, "is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father." But the tragedy is not in the sentence, it is in the years which this human jury spent in debate and struggle with itself. And so the final physical tragedy when it comes seems trivial, unconvincing. Perhaps because the realest tragedies have no outcome.

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